The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago — Aug. 1, 1925

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EVOLUTION

THE moral principle inherent in evolution is that nothing can be gained in this world without an effort; the ethical principle inherent in evolution is that only the best has a right to survive; the spiritual principle in evolution is the evidence of beauty, of order, and of design in the daily myriad of miracles to which we owe our existence. . . . I have come to define evolution as a continuous creation of life fitted to a continuously changing world. . . . Nature has been regarded from the earliest times as the work of God full of moral be ıty, truth and splendor.

Henry Fairfield Osborn in "The Earth Speaks to Bryan."

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

MR. BRYAN

THE editorial comments, the tributes of statesmen and theologians, the remarks of the men in the streets, upon the passing of William Jennings Bryan have been kindly. As death is the great leveler, it also is the great peacemaker. Few carry bitter controversies beyond the grave. There is a universal instinct, not to be sneered at, to say nothing but good of the dead. The one we loved or hated has gone beyond the reach of our praise or censure, and is in the hands of a wiser Judge. He has passed into what is the Great Mystery even to the man of greatest faith. His work is done. His record is made up. There is little we can do for or against him. We remember that his fate is the common fate, that where those nearest and dearest to him stand to-day those nearest and dearest to us may stand to-morrow. And so we are gentle, kindly, tolerant. This does not excuse us for throwing discrimination to the winds and saying what we do not mean. But it helps us reach juster judgment. It gives to the mind the powerful searchlight of kindness.

So we say of Bryan, we are sorry that he has gone. Ludicrously mistaken as he was about some of his fellow Christians, at heart he wanted right things. The blessed thing about liberal Christianity is that it lets its disciples see the real heart of the illiberal man's noble faith. The tragic thing about the fundamentalist's faith is that it keeps him from seeing what lies beneath the surface of the other man's faith. So Bryan spent his last years heading a crusade against Christians of deepest and strongest faith, the Christians best fitted to meet the dangers of atheism. His career reminds us that zeal and devotion are not enough. We must have knowledge. It is not enough to love God with the heart. Equally important is the mind.

More is necessary than a passion to serve. We must know how to serve.

But we are what we are—all made up of strength and weakness, good and bad. Mr. Bryan with all his moral earnestness, his real courage, his flaming zeal, his many talents, his kindly, friendly heart, has passed on. He has been a conspicuous figure for many years. If our faith is justified and if he now sees face to face instead of through a glass darkly, like the rest of us here, it may be that with the clear vision of that better realm he now gladly recognizes the godlike nature of all knowledge and the divine inspiration which sustains the searchers for truth in every field.

* *

CRITICISE THE CRITIC

THE editor of the *Westminster Gazette Weekly* of London received a letter a few weeks ago from a correspondent in New Zealand, protesting against a characterization of a book by a New Zealand author as "unrelieved by any wit or literary artistry." The angry citizen who protested said in substance: "This shows that liberalism in England cares nothing about the Empire." In reply the editor said: "Love me, love my dog, won't do in the world of books. We may find no pleasure in 'Rough Rhymes of a Sourdough,' but that has nothing to do with our regard for the Empire, but for rough rhymes. Anyhow literary criticism is in our judgment nearly always personal opinion, which is highly fallible. The notice of our reviewer was signed. His opinion was his own affair and not ours. We personally have had a book cut to pieces in a journal, the editorial of which was quite friendly to us, but nothing happened, even to the book."

We are inclined to think that authors as a rule take the calm, philosophical view which the editor of the *Westminster Gazette Weekly* takes as an author, and we know that almost universally they take the position he does as editor. An editor is responsible for everything printed in the paper which he edits. Whether he has seen it or not, whether he agrees with it or not, he has to bear the responsibility of letting it see the light of day in the columns of his journal. But he is not responsible for the opinions of the correspondents, reviewers or contributors of the journal. The views that he holds are set forth in the editorial pages or the signed contributions which he makes.

We say these things now because privately some of our friends have been taking us to task because of the views of the literary editor or reviewer of the *Universalist Leader*. An interesting discussion has been going on concerning his opinion of Bruce Barton's "Man Nobody Knows." Probably a number of our people have read the book because of this discussion, and author, publisher, editor and reviewer are equally pleased. But to make us share our reviewer's opinion is utterly unjustified in this case, and in any other.

We may or we may not, or we may not know much about it. The reviews are his judgment—not ours.

We consider ourselves fortunate to secure two articles from our literary editor, or reviewer, on the methods and ideals of reviewing. They will repay careful reading. The first appeared last week. The second is published in this issue. They ought to show the discriminating why we got hold of Mr. Hicks in the first place and why we hang on to him. He has unusual equipment. Few men double his age have read so widely. Few men of any age have his enormous capacity for concentrated, long continued intellectual work. And he has a brilliant mind and high ideals. We doubt if he has reached his final conclusions on matters of faith and doctrine any more than we have. We wouldn't want him if he had. But we admire his work, and believe in him.

We invite our correspondents to attack him as vigorously as they know how. He needs it. We need it. The cause of truth needs both his fearless work and fair, fearless, intelligent criticism of his work.

* *

DR. NEWTON'S GREATEST SERMON

IT is not often that a religious weekly publishes a sermon so full of blessing as that published by the *Christian Century*, June 25, on "The Presence," by Joseph Fort Newton. And it is less often that a published sermon elicits so beautiful a tribute as that by "The Listener" in the July 2 issue of the same publication.

The sermon was based on the text, Luke 24 : 32: "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?"

It is not a tired man, an over-worked man, a half-sick and discouraged man, who gives us this sermon. It is a prophet.

The power of Dr. Newton to a considerable extent lies in the atmosphere which he creates while he preaches. Men take note of his ideas, but they are not the main thing. They note also the music of his voice and his phrasing, but these are incidental. When Dr. Newton is in his true form the receptive ones at least who hear him are swept along on a wave of religious feeling and thought, which inevitably profoundly affects their action.

In some of his sermons, and especially in this great sermon on "The Presence," Dr. Newton is able to build up this same atmosphere through the printed page. Just why, we don't know. It defies analysis. It is one of the bits of literature which catch on when other apparently stronger bits do not. But we shall be surprised if this sermon does not have an unusual circulation and do an enormous amount of good.

In beginning Dr. Newton asks the old question, "If the Bible were to be destroyed and we could save only one flying leaf what page would it be?" And after considering many possible answers, he gives this:

> "But, honestly, if I could have just one page of the Bible, and only one, much as I should mourn my loss, I would keep the story of the walk to Emmaus. No other scene in the book of vision, whose leaves are for the healing of human hearts, is so perfect an example of that naturalization of the unseen which is the goal of religious insight and experience. It has a restraint, a dignity, a delicacy, and withal an unutterable grace, which give it every mark of authenticity, uniting the authority of beauty and the vividness of spiritual reality. Its human color and its awful yet tender disclosure blend as naturally as the earth and the sky on the horizon. It never fails me. Weary, dejected, or beshadowed, I have only to turn to that page and there is a human accent, as of a friend standing near. The words thrill me. A radiant personality touches me. Ages of doubt and cruelty may lie between, but the light shines and there are footsteps by my side. There the great religious ideals become real; there theology melts into fellowship."

In the three main divisions of his sermon, he considers first the text as the picture of an abiding reality. Christ is continually appearing to us in different forms. He is the great Companion to-day—"a day of appalling spiritual loneliness, in the wake of a tragedy which has left us sad, dejected, unhopeful"—a day when the tendency of thought is toward the impersonal, even in our ideas of God, although the whole purpose of life is the development of personality.

Second, Dr. Newton considers Christ as with us, the adequate interpreter of the universe science reveals—"a universe vast, orderly, unfolding—now luminous and lovely, now dark and terrible, in which man seems as insignificant as a mote floating on the evening air and as fleeting." Christ comes to men concerned not about "whether they are sinners, but whether there is anything or anybody in the universe who cares enough about us to even frown upon our sins."

Then follows a noble and beautiful characterization of this universe as worthy to be trusted because it produced Christ—memorable, faith kindling, heart stirring sentences which bless and cheer.

Finally, the preacher leads us into the mystic way of companionship—following Christ, walking with him, as the real test of our religion. "Alike to mystic, rationalist and ritualist comes the challenge, 'If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the teaching.' "

This was the sermon on which "The Listener" wrote a page. We quote just two paragraphs:

> "This was the way I felt on laying down his sermon on 'The Presence' in last week's *Christian Century*. The thinking was so fine, so silken, and yet so simple. Its figures and similes were drawn from the common life—the cottage, the pathway, the hill, the road, the twilight, the sky, the horizon, the stars, bread, sleep, work, comradeship. It dealt with our hunger, our weariness, our loneliness, our battles, our victories, our defeats, our griefs, our happiness—those august simplicities of which the woof and fiber of our human lives are woven. And it dealt with them with such an exquisite touch—so reverently, so fondly, and with an intent to exalt them and to hallow the life in which they dwelt. The sermon theme was the Presence, but it was more than a theme. The sermon was the carrier of the Presence. It actually radiated the personal Reality of which its words were symbols.
>
> "And that, when all is said about preaching, is what a sermon's for. It should shine with something in-

effable. There must be an incandescent quality about it, something over and above its mere thesis or argument or outline. Not all preachers possess this power. Their sermon is just a sermon. Newton's sermon is a personal revelation—of his own soul?—yes; but also of that transcendent Presence which interfuses all common things and makes our life divine. I can not go back to my drudgery with the same leaden feet after reading him. I can not go back to my text-book on behaviorist psychology with the same complacent resignation toward a mechanistic interpretation of life. Something has disturbed the clod. Something has beautified the tasks of office and mart and household. The faces of children and the people whom I pass in the street waken in me fresh feelings of wonder and reverence as I think how we are all moving in an atmosphere of loving care, how for each of us, small and great, life's meaning is held in the heart of that great Companion whose comradeship, as we strive to find his will for our lives, and to do it, is the supreme blessing of our brief journey here."

* *

CLARK AND CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

DR. FRANCIS E. CLARK, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, retired at the convention held in Portland, Oregon, after serving thirty-eight years to a day. For the time being he retains the office of president of the World's Christian Endeavor.

Both by organizing this noble society and by directing its activities for many years, Dr. Clark has placed Christians of every creed under a heavy debt of gratitude.

He has been what the name of the society he founded claims, a force for union in Christian endeavors.

The world needs the thing he stands for. Though he lays down the gavel and the editorial pen, his spirit will go marching on.

* *

THE DELAYED REPORT

THE report of the National Y. P. C. U. Convention, due in this office July 20 at 8 a. m., and for which we held the forms of the paper open, did not arrive until 2 p. m. It therefore could not be used last week. We call especial attention to it this week.

Six hours' delay in the copy made a week's delay in the publication of the report. In spite of a failure like this now and then, we are pushing on steadily in our attempt to get news published earlier. We urge the co-operation of our readers.

Again we explain that all work of composition, proofreading, making up forms, etc., is done in this office. Our press work, like that of most other weeklies, is done by contract in a commercial printing office. The forms go off on Tuesday before publication day, which is the Saturday following. Papers are printed and back in the office by 2 p. m. Wednesday, when mailing begins at once—the whole force concentrating on it—papers to points farthest away going out first.

The typesetting begins on Tuesday, a week before the forms are sent away. It continues up to the last moment. The latest that longer articles are handled is Saturday, unless a special space is reserved, and an article rushed in early Monday and made to fit it exactly. Ordinary articles received after work on a paper *begins*, which is eleven days before date of publication, are not usually considered at all for that issue. Small items of church news and personals are put in as late as Monday morning before the publication date, and editorials written that morning are used, inasmuch as the editorial pages are the last to be made up.

* *

TWO CATHOLIC VIEWS

ONE of the amusing incidents of the Scopes trial was the telegram of a Florida real estate man, a Catholic, to Bryan, giving $25,000 toward a million dollar fund to establish a Fundamentalist University, of which Bryan should be the head, and offering $25,000 toward a second million to organize the "defenders of the faith," in every state.

"If this battle of the ages encircles the world," says this gentleman, "it may become necessary for Protestantism and Roman Catholicism to unite their forces in defense of the Apostles' Creed and to resist this world-wide invasion of atheism. If atheism triumphs, humanity will be Godless and Christ Christless and the church without a pulpit."

We don't know just what Christ would be if he were Christless, but we have no disposition to cavil over English, for we see the gentleman is deeply stirred. We wonder how his suggestion of Protestant and Catholic union against atheism will be received. It does not frighten us, for we would like to join such a union, and believe that the suggestions that we might make would do much to supplant atheism with a vital faith, something that all the anti-evolutionary and pro-Deism of Christ enactments can never do.

If the Fundamentalists and Catholics should unite, however, and should agree on following Bryan in an attempt to "write the Bible into the law," we would have a job on our hands. Fortunately, there are Catholics both intelligent and devout.

The *Commonweal*, the new Catholic weekly, expresses regret that Col. P. H. Callahan of Louisville, a prominent Catholic, attended the Scopes trial to assist the prosecution. It says that this created the unfortunate impression that the Catholic Church participated officially in the trial, which it did not. In fact, according to the *Commonweal*, agents of Mr. Bryan who appealed for official Catholic support met with no sympathetic response.

Referring to the Bryan campaign for legislation or constitutional enactments to forbid the teaching of evolution, the *Commonweal* says:

> "That such a method of imposing what are believed to be Christian principles—but which in many cases may only be the self-determined but utterly erroneous fads and foibles of Protestant sectarianism—can not possibly succeed, may be taken for granted by all save its proponents. But the mere attempt to carry it into effect would be hardly short of disastrous. Passions which in other years and other lands have blazed into all the horrors of religious wars will be rekindled if such a movement takes place. Surely, even those who, while not sharing the peculiar tenets of Protestant fundamentalism, still sympathize with this movement in so far as it seeks to conserve and to spread

the true, central doctrines of Christianity, should make it quite clear that they abhor any idea of changing the original American status of the separation of church and state."

Widely separated as we doubtless are in many things, both patriotic Catholics and Protestants will be united in the task of keeping church and state separate.

* *

SOME THINGS THAT STAND OUT

IN the mass of testimony and comment upon the Scopes trial a few things begin to emerge clearly.

The right of a parent to have his child brought up in his own religious faith is clear. Where governments deal with dependent children they recognize it. Catholic children are placed in Catholic institutions or families. Methodist children are given to the custody of Methodists. The government is even more particular than many parents.

The right to have a child brought up in the religious faith of a parent does not extend to the use of the public schools for that purpose. The claim that a majority has the right to determine what instruction shall be given in the public schools, so plausible at first sight, is seen to be invalid according to American standards when a majority attempts to limit the boundaries of knowledge, or to say that any one theory of religion must be maintained. The effect of the Tennessee law is to write the Fundamentalist theory of the Bible into the statute.

The *New York World* believes that the defense made a fundamental mistake in attempting to introduce evidence showing that science can be reconciled with the Bible, not because this may not be true, but because it concealed the issue.

> "It was the duty of the defense to challenge this use of political power for sectarian ends as a breach of the American doctrine of the separation of church and state. The defense should have argued at all times that no public body in America, no legislature, no court, no school board, had the right to set up a religious test of any kind whatsoever. But instead of meeting the issue squarely, the defense has complained bitterly that the Court would not let them prove, among other things, that science can be reconciled with the Bible. . . . The whole argument to prove that biology and geology can be squared with the Bible would have been an admission that it is necessary under the American Government to square them with the Bible.
>
> "That admission should never be made, by implication or otherwise. It should not be made to 'educate' Tennessee or for any other purpose. What Tennessee needs and what the whole country needs from this trial is the clear realization that this law is objectionable, not because it is stupid, not because it is silly, but because it establishes an official religious dogma by act of the legislature. It is to be hoped that in the higher courts at least the defense will not wander from this one important issue of the case."

The Constitution of the United States contains this provision, which we ought not to forget:

"Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

This is sound American doctrine. Whether or not the defense has made a mistake in attempting to introduce the testimony of the scientists, the part of the testimony which they succeeded in getting into the record was telegraphed to all parts of the country and is bound to have an enormous influence. Parts of this testimony we consider so important that we shall publish it in the near future to help the campaign of education.

The clear, simple explanations of evolution which have come out during the trial are bound to get into the minds even of people more or less hostile to the doctrine.

George Rappelyea, the young Dayton geologist who swore out the warrant for his friend Scopes in order to test the law, said this: "I didn't mean to touch off a powder mine. I joined the church only last year, but I found that folks were staying away because they weren't being taught a religion they could believe. To my mind the idea that man evolved from one cell is even more wonderful than that he was created out of a handful of dust."

Scopes himself is a devout Christian. He is quoted as follows: "Why, the theory of evolution doesn't hurt my religious belief at all. It shows there are rules in the universe. Who made the first cell? Who made the rules? You can't answer those questions without admitting that there is a God. There are rules; that tells the whole story."

A by-product of the trial of enormous practical importance is the discrediting of Bryan by the examination of Darrow. The *New York Times*, which eulogized the presiding judge for his fairness and criticized the defense for its methods, has this to say of Bryan:

> "The sometime god of its idolatry has fared so ill as to inspire pity. It was a Black Monday for him when he exposed himslef to the processes of involution and evolution. He was entangled, and made to turn himself inside out; and there was little or nothing inside. It has long been known to many that he was only a voice calling from a poorly furnished brain-room. But how almost absolutely unfurnished it was the public didn't know till he was forced to make an inventory. We are far from wishing to add to a humiliation some part of which must fall on his country. It may be doubted, however, if he is capable of feeling it or that his devotees will not applaud and glory in his shame. It is natural that to a man so prodigiously ignorant evolution should be a dragon to be slain."

Few more scathing rebukes ever have been given to a public man. That Bryan felt that he was making an exhibition of himself was indicated by the intense bitterness he showed as the examination went on and the angry way in which he terminated it. We have every disposition to respect Bryan's simple faith, to see its noble content, rather than its grotesque form, but when a man of his influence embarks upon a campaign of proscription and intolerance in which he threatens to do enormous damage, it is a service to have him unhorsed even though it be in a rough and tumble way.

We are sorry that Darrow was chosen to conduct the defense, but he at least has earned our gratitude by helping Bryan expose himself.

Old Home Week

Florence I. Adams

THE seven days from June 25 to July 1 were Old Home Week for my two sisters and myself, for five of them were spent in Vermont, motoring with our cousin, Eleanor Bissell of Pasadena, in her car. Some of the way was over familiar ground, and some of it was new to us, but it was all home because it was Vermont.

The weather was not kind to us. It rained a part of every day but two. The first day was worst of all, but we were still in Massachusetts, so it did not matter so much. The second day was ideal, and the sun shone on us all the way from Williamstown to Brandon.

None of us had been in Bennington before, but we are all going again. There is a house on the slope of the hill where we are going to live sometime. It is a dignified brick house, painted white, with two wonderful doorways. There are lovely grounds, and views of mountains, near and far. At the top of the hill is the beautiful blue-grey monument. A little below the house is the bronze catamount which marks the site of the old Catamount Tavern. I would love to have him for a neighbor. We saw many beautiful villages in the next few days, but none had quite the charm of Old Bennington for us.

At Rutland, where we had lunch, we hunted up the Universalist church. As we stood on the steps a man in the uniform of a letter-carrier came up the walk and asked if he could do anything for us. When we told him we were Universalists and would like to see the church, he produced a bunch of keys and opened the door. We wondered if all Rutland postmen carried keys to the churches, but he proved to be the superintendent of the Sunday school. He reads the *Leader*, and seemed interested to learn of my connection with it. Our little visit with him was one of many pleasant incidents along the way.

For the next four days the weather followed a regular program—pleasant in the morning, showers beginning about noon, and continuing, with varying degrees of persistency, the rest of the day. It was especially trying to have it rain when we went through Smugglers' Notch, for that was one of the places we had never seen. Clouds hung over Mount Mansfield as we approached, and as we left Jeffersonville and began to climb they closed in on us. At the highest point in the Notch the tops of the trees around us were in the clouds, and we had to guess at the grandeur of the cliffs towering on all sides. But even in the rain it was wonderful and beautiful.

My cousin said, after we had been through Smugglers' Notch, that she had a good deal of respect for our mountains, which we considered quite a concession from one who has California mountains, as she says, in her backyard. She delighted in the covered bridges. "I never thought," she said, "that some day I would drive a car through a covered bridge." She could not understand our use of the word "gulf" in connection with mountains, and when we went through Williamstown Gulf she called it a canyon. Gulf or canyon, it is one of the places I have known and loved for many years.

Another thing which delighted my cousin was the Vermont accent. We stopped at a wayside booth one day to ask for maple sugar in cakes. The pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman in charge said: "Comes fifty cents a paound. Don't believe I've got more'n ha'f a paound though." That word "paound" amused Eleanor so much that I felt obliged to rebuke her, telling her that that is exactly the way the President of the United States pronounces the word, and what is good enough for the President is good enough for any loyal Vermonter. And the maple sugar was delicious.

It was raining when we drove into Bethel, and the thing which looked most familiar to me about my native town, which I had not seen for fifteen years, was the mud between the Bascom House and the bridge. I have stuck in the mud there many times in days gone by.

We went first to our old home, where we were made welcome by the hospitable lady who has lived there ever since we went away, more than twenty years ago. It was a beautiful place when it was ours, and it is a beautiful place now, but it is so changed both outside and in that nothing looked natural but the trees. I was glad that it was so. I do not think I could have borne to see it just as it used to be.

Not many people whom we knew are left in Bethel, but our dear old friends, the Shaws, still live in the house beside the church, and there we went next, and they went with us into the old church, which has so many happy associations for us.

My family was closely connected with Universalism in Bethel from its very beginning. The first preaching services there were held in my great-great-grandfather's kitchen, I suppose about 1803, as that was the year when Hosea Ballou moved to Barnard, and became pastor of Woodstock, Bridgewater, Hartland, Barnard and Bethel. That would be quite an extensive parish in these days, but apparently it was not enough for Hosea Ballou, for he often went to New York, or New Hampshire, or Massachusetts to preach. I should think his parishioners must have felt somewhat neglected at times. However, he often preached in "Colonel Joel" Marsh's kitchen, and that he took a lively interest in the dinner which was cooking by the fireplace during the service is shown by the story which has come down in the family that he interrupted his sermon one day to say to my great-great-grandmother, "Mrs. Marsh, your pudding bag is untied."

I wish I knew how that old kitchen looked, but the main part of the old house was moved away long before I was born, and many changes were made in the part that was left as an ell for the brick house my great-grandfather built.

In later years my grandfather Davis became pastor of the church. Soon after he moved in my grandmother Adams sent my father to carry a pie to the new minister's family, and my mother re-

ceived him at the door. That was their first meeting.

The church, built in 1816, was at first a union church, called the "first proprietors' meeting-house." But most of the pewholders were Universalists, and they soon bought out the others. It is a substantial brick building, and had a beautiful white steeple, such as every New England meeting-house ought to have, which was thought unsafe and taken down some years ago. Otherwise the church is in fine condition, and it was a pleasure to see it so well cared for. We did not see the minister, Mr. Harvey, but our friends told us that he is very popular in the town, and that they hope to keep him a long time.

The church was modernized years ago, but I seemed to see it as it was in the days of my early childhood. I must have begun going to church when I was very young. I remember distinctly "speaking a piece" at a Christmas concert before I was four years old. Sunday school concerts were among the most exciting diversions of the town in those days, and the church was always full. I remember the occasion, and I remember the "piece." This is it:

"I'm very young, but what of that?
You once were young as I,
And you don't know what I can do
Until you see me try.
I guess I won't tell all I know,
I guess I won't tell half,
For if I did I'm very sure
You'd only sit and laugh."

I remember, too, the surprise and indignation I felt when every one did laugh, though I had not told all, or half, of what I knew.

In those days the choir gallery was in the rear of the church, and during the singing the congregation stood up and turned their backs to the minister. My father sang in the choir, and I always stood with my eyes fixed on his face, knowing that some time, it might be during the first hymn or not until the last, he would look down at me, close one eye and wink at me with the other. That moment made it possible for me to sit patiently through the rest of the service, counting the cracks in the wall paper, or the ladies who had blue on their hats, while the older people, presumably, listened to the minister—who was the Rev. S. A. Parker.

But we could not linger there, for there were other friends to see, and our time was limited.

We went on the next morning, down the lovely White River valley, and, after a side trip to Hanover, up the Ottaquechee valley to Woodstock. Here we took time to visit Mary Grace Canfield's fascinating house and shop, with all the lovely things that we couldn't afford to buy, but our objective was South Woodstock and the old academy where our mothers went to school, seventy years ago or more. Dr. Lee, father of Dr. John Clarence Lee of Gloucester, was the principal then, and our aunt Minnie lived in his family when she attended the academy, but we did not know where our mothers lived. Neither did we know where our grandfather lived when he moved there later, but we went into the old church where he preached.

The old desks in the academy are covered with names and initials, but we could not find our mothers' names, though we did find that of the girl who was my mother's room-mate.

Green Mountain Perkins Institute is an impressive title, but we wondered, as we looked about the one small room, and out on the one street, with its half-dozen houses, where the students came from and where they lived, and where the instructors lived who taught the "extended courses in Latin, French, German and higher English." The keeper of the village store, from whom we got the keys to the academy, was much interested in us, and said if he had known we were coming he would have had some of the older people out to meet us, but I fear they could not have remembered far enough back to tell us what we wanted to know.

We wanted to know which seats our mothers sat in, what house they lived in, how they looked, how they dressed, what they did for amusement, what their friends were like—and there is no one left who could tell us that.

We had intended to go on through Plymouth and Ludlow, but the President's father was very ill, and so we went another way, with no definite plan for the night. This change in our program gave us one of the most interesting experiences of the entire trip.

On our first day out we passed through Concord, and drove out to the bridge to look once more at the place where the embattled farmers stood, but it was on the last day of our trip and not the first that we visited the spot where the first blood of the Revolution was shed.

We reached Walpole, N. H., that Tuesday night at six o'clock, in the rain, and decided to stop there. Dining at the inn were some friends of my cousin, the Willards, who have a home at Pasadena. Mr. Willard, who, my cousin says, is an ancestor worshiper, insisted that we should take time in the morning to visit his two old houses, the homes of his ancestors. One of these houses, in Walpole, has been modernized, and is simply a nice place with a magnificent view up and down the Connecticut valley. The other, just across the river, in Westminster, Vt., except for modern conveniences, is still a colonial house, with beautiful wainscoting and paneling. Two of the rooms still have on their walls the paper which was put there in 1793, and the antique furniture is in keeping. Beside the house, carefully preserved, is a quaint little building in which Mr. Willard's grandfather practised law from 1802 till 1858.

But there are things in Westminster more interesting than this fine old house. Westminster is historic ground. Here, in 1774, a convention was held at which the delegates resolved that "they would defend their just rights as British subjects against every foreign power that should attempt to deprive them of those rights while breath was in their nostrils and blood in their veins." Here, too, was held the convention which declared Vermont a free and independent state.

A Tory judge and other officials came over from New York one day to hold court in the Westminster courthouse. A company of "Green Mountain boys," who did not admit the authority of the "Yorkers"

in their territory, took possession of the courthouse and barred them out. Shots were exchanged, and William French was instantly killed and another man mortally wounded. This was the first blood shed in armed resistance to the forces of the king, more than a month before Concord and Lexington.

We saw the stone which marks the spot where the courthouse stood, and the grave of William French. On his gravestone is this quaint inscription:

> "In memory of William French, Son to Mr. Nathaniel French, Who Was Shot in Westminster, March ye 13th, 1775, by the Hands of Cruel Ministereal Tools of George ye 3d in the Corthouse at a11a Clock at Night in the 22d year of his Age.
>
> "Here William French his Body lies,
> For Murder his Blood for Vengance cries.
> King George ye third his Tory crew
> Tha with a Bawl his head Shot threw.
> For Liberty and his Country's Good
> He Lost his Life his Dearest Blood."

I learned that verse when I studied the history of Vermont in school, and I have never forgotten it, but this was my first visit to Westminster.

I suppose Vermont will be spoiled some day, like so many beautiful places. In fact, it has already begun. I was shocked to find that the cascades at Lake Dunmore had been harnessed to a power plant. There was a power plant in the gorge of the Winooski before we moved away from the state, and probably many other lovely spots have been desecrated in similar ways. But the process is comparatively slow. A paragraph in an article in a recent number of the *Independent*, called "Suburban Nightmare," expresses my feelings:

> "When I am sick of thinking of the future of our suburb, I like to contemplate Vermont, whose population is actually decreasing. At its present rate, in a few centuries Vermont will be frequented by archeologists exhuming the remains of a defunct civilization. There are still a few railroads there, and all about are the eternal hills with never a sign of a real-estate development called Green Mountain Heights or Vermont Park, or of little streets running out into the underbrush and noisy with carpenters building imitation colonial houses and alleged English cottages. Moving to Vermont would require, on our part, a new point of view. We should have to be content with smaller spheres of business influence, but perhaps when that day came we would be glad to advertise our smallness, to put up signs reading, "Watch Vermont Dwindle," and "Move Here if You Want to Live, but for Heaven's Sake Don't Build a Factory." Meanwhile, New York continues to grow, and I look out of my window at the maples bursting into bud in the hollow, and wonder how soon they will be cut down in all their beauty to make way for urban improvements."

I am more thankful than words could tell that William Jennings Bryan chose to sell real estate in Florida instead of in Vermont.

Following the General Superintendent

John Smith Lowe

Peoria, Illinois, Leads

THE Peoria church has gone far into the lead as the largest church in our denomination in membership, with a total of 808 members. This is not a padded list. There are no non-residents in it. Eighteen years ago, when Dr. Carpenter, the minister, went to Peoria, the society had less than a hundred members. In 1924 one hundred and seventeen members were received. This year the class had one hundred and twenty-eight in it.

When I was in Peoria recently I asked the people to tell me the secret of this really wonderful achievement. They pointed their fingers over their shoulders in the direction of a small room where Dr. Carpenter was engaged in conversation and said: "It's the minister." Later I put the same inquiry to Dr. Carpenter and he said: "It's the people." They were not contradicting each other. Both were telling the truth. The minister works at it and the people work at it persistently the year round.

Dr. Carpenter did open up and talk with me freely on the subject. Getting members is a passion with him. He believes it is his business. He has communicated his passion to his people. They are obsessed with it. "There is a technique to this proposition of getting church members. You have to believe in it. You have to talk about it constantly. You have to get it into your blood. I wonder if our ministers talk membership, day after day, week after week, and year after year, in the pulpit and everywhere." He pulled a little slip of paper from his inside coat pocket with a half dozen names on it, typewritten. "My list of prospects," he remarked. "I always have a list of prospects in my pocket. My people all do the same. Any person I meet not tied to a church is a prospect, and his name goes on my list. I begin to work on him. My people work on him. When at last he signs a card I transfer him from my list of prospects to the list of those who have accepted. One must keep at it constantly and never let up a minute. Of course you have got to take religion seriously. You have got to make people think religion is the greatest thing in life. And it's so," he said with emphasis. "Religion is the greatest thing in life. There is nothing like it. It wasn't easy to do the thing at first when the society was small, but as the movement grew it gained momentum. To-day so many people have joined the church it is less difficult to get others to follow in their wake."

I spoke at a banquet in the vestry of the church on a Wednesday evening. At my left was a long table with about thirty members of the class of 1924. The class is organized and has a president, who spoke briefly and called upon his group to help make the 1925 class larger than their own. Over at my right was another table with the budding class of 1925 seated about it. Their leader, or president, got up and announced that the objective was a class of "one hundred and fifty this year." They came within twenty-two of their goal.

"We can't send out printed invitations to a sup-

per like this," said Dr. Carpenter. "We haven't anything like room enough for all who would come." The place was packed as it was. They know how to do it in Peoria.

Racine, Wisconsin

The Church of the Good Shepherd, in Racine, is another parish I always like to visit. I began my ministry in Wisconsin twenty-two years ago, and when the General Superintendent goes into the old Badger State it is the signal for a reception. The people out there remember the old days when the La Crosse pastor was secretary of the State Convention for some five or six years and became acquainted with all the churches.

It was storming fiercely when I alighted from the train, but the Rev. Luther R. Robinson, formerly Mid-Western Superintendent, now pastor of the Racine church, met me at the station with his car and announced that there was "something doing at the church." He was right. I have never seen anything quite like it. The tables in the vestry were covered with beautiful spotless white linen, the very choicest that could be had from the homes of the ladies who know so well how to select such things. Silverware, china and cut-glass from the same source had been brought for the occasion. Narrow strips of colored crepe paper divided the tables into squares of white. Small crepe paper baskets of pink and white, filled with salted nut meats, all of them made by one of the women, who must have spent hours, if not days, on them, adorned the festive board. Silver candelabra with artistic shades also graced the tables, which were spanned at intervals by wire arches covered with artificial cherry blossoms. The repast was not an ordinary church supper. It was a course banquet served with a daintiness that would have done credit to the Waldorf Astoria on Fifth Avenue in New York City. The dinner was not especially a tribute to a church official. It was a testimonial of the devotion of the people to their church as a whole, and an expression of their appreciation of the significance of the denomination as a medium for giving permanence to our work and comprehensiveness to our mission. By thus magnifying and dignifying a simple function they elevate the church in their own estimation, they teach the young to respect it, and they inspire the public to regard it seriously. Every one expected was present, and no one had to be accounted for because of absence. The storm could not keep them away.

Later I talked on the Five Year Program to a much larger audience upstairs in the main auditorium. Mr. Robinson did some worth-while things while acting as Mid-Western Superintendent. He left behind him a record of achievement. He is doing a worth-while work in Racine.

Senator La Follette

While I am on the subject of Wisconsin the people of the state are paying their last respects to a favorite son. As I write these lines the mortal remains of United States Senator Robert M. La Follette are passing through Chicago on their way to the State Capital, Madison, where they will be laid to rest beneath the shade trees of a beautiful cemetery. The Chicago papers and those of the country at large are carrying double column headlines and long editorials. All of them, friend and foe alike, pay tribute to this lion-hearted "stormy petrel" as he has been called, who has been a conspicuous figure in American public life for more than a quarter of a century. I was a resident of Wisconsin when he was Governor of the state. He was then a luminous star. You could not ignore him and the country never has ignored him. It had to reckon with him.

He was a man of powerful intellect and feared no one. No wrong, no abuse in public life, however strongly entrenched, could cause him to cringe or cower, if he believed it ought to be attacked. Once he got his eye riveted on what he honestly thought was a canker spot in the body politic, he hurled himself at it with reckless abandon. He was a foe to be feared, an adversary to be dreaded.

He had a marvelous capacity for getting at facts, statistics and information, and he carried them all in his head ready for use at a moment's warning. He was a mighty orator in the best sense of the word. In this he had few if any equals in his day.

Some twenty years ago I heard him speak for nearly four hours one night to an audience of six or seven thousand people in a temporary auditorium, a sort of Billy Sunday tabernacle. The roof covering of tarred paper was badly damaged and conspicuous for its absence in many places. While he was speaking a thunderstorm broke over the city. The rain streamed through the cracks between the roof boards in small rivers. But the people stayed. Every inch of space was occupied. Every one had to stand because the seats were soaked. La Follette mounted a small table resting on four chairs and held in place by admirers. He threw aside his coat and collar. As the thunder roared and the rain pattered like bullets on the boards over our heads, this Hercules of the platform lifted his voice higher and higher and talked on and on, while his listeners stood there hanging on his words and cheering him to the echo, for hours.

How the man ever stood the terrific strain of this sort of thing year after year, during the active part of his public career, is not easily explained. It is small wonder he died while still in the prime of life. He was loved by his friends and hated by his foes. The country as a whole refused to follow him to all of the extreme positions to which he traveled. With his own state it was different. Wisconsin stayed with him.

The love of his friends could not deflect him from his course, neither could the hatred of his enemies bring him to a halt. He fought every battle to the last ditch. He rose to the Senate, but he failed to reach the Presidency. Many abuses at which he threw himself were checkmated. Many corrupt practises he sought to correct were effectually stopped. They were stopped by the adoption of remedies and methods less violent and radical than the specific measures he advocated, but they were stopped, and La Follette's withering onslaught was a big factor in stopping them.

The Iowa Convention

I have been attending Iowa State Conventions now for eight years. Our churches out there are few

in number and not great in membership. An atmosphere of uncertainty, if not of depression, has marked the proceedings of the State Convention for some time, and this was especially true a few years ago when the Waterloo church went out of existence, but the people have never wavered. This year the Convention, held in Mitchellville, about eighteen miles from Des Moines, registered a note of confidence. The attendance was large and the enthusiasm genuine. The confidence was not unwarranted. The enthusiasm was not forced. The Waterloo church is not only alive again, thanks to the labors of Mr. Robinson, but it was at the Convention thirteen strong and many of the thirteen were fine young people. Dr. Effie McCollum Jones was present, and brought the Convention to its toes with one of the most searching and stirring addresses I have heard in many a day from any speaker. Dr. Jones, during the last few years, has made for herself a national reputation as a lecturer on applied psychology—in reality, Universalism—as a philosophy of life. She has done a world of good. She has an army of friends everywhere in the country, who will live longer and be happier for what they have heard and heeded from the lectures she has given.

She will continue to lecture to a limited extent as opportunity may offer, but she will devote herself primarily to the pastorate of the Webster City church and the Boone parish. This will be her second pastorate in Webster City. She takes Boone as an extra. Long life to Dr. Jones! Her presence in Iowa permanently means strength and leadership for our cause in the state.

We all had a look at the really fine parish hall and parsonage recently built by the Mitchellville people. It is one of the finest minister's residences in the denomination, and the parish hall is admirable. The people with one accord give our minister, Mr. Colegrove, and his wife full credit for the achievement. They deserve it. They are both hard workers whose sole aim is to make the church go. Dr. Tilden, of Lombard College, was on hand, and his addresses, formal and informal, put heart into every one.

The Fve Year Program came in for its share of attention. The delegates were anxious for information. A hurried visit by the General Superintendent to Webster City and Waterloo, after the Convention closed, resulted in the promise that these churches would accept and guarantee their quotas before we meet at Syracuse in October. Both of these churches are quite heavily supported by State or General Convention appropriations. At first the people thought it absurd that they should be asked to subscribe to the Five Year Program when they "can't pay" their own bills. "Just for the sake of teamwork, why not show your appreciation of what the other churches are doing for you by contributing to the fund they are creating from which we derive your appropriations?" was the way it was put to them. They saw the point at once and said: "It doesn't look absurd any more. You can count on us to be listed on the Honor Roll by the time it is read at Syracuse next fall."

I call that showing the right spirit, playing the game. How does it sound to you?

A Call at Fort Des Moines

On my way to Webster City, I stopped over night with our chaplain of cavalry at Fort Des Moines, the Rev. Clifford L. Miller. Captain Miller is a real chaplain, and we have reason to be proud of him and the work he is doing, in which he is ably assisted by his talented wife. Men in the army respect a chaplain who can hold his own with them. Captain Miller not only holds his own with them, but he excels the best of them in horsemanship. Horsemanship is the chief vocation and sport of cavalrymen. When I entered the chaplain's quarters my eyes rested on several large and beautiful loving-cups of silver and gold. With some difficulty I got him to drop his modesty and tell the story.

These cups are trophies Captain Miller has won in riding contests with the best riders in his outfit and others, for he is an expert rider and jumper of hurdles. Most of the cavalry officers in these races ride picked mounts. A fancy steed was not possible for the chaplain. He went out to the corral and simply picked out a likely looking young horse from among the "scrubs," as you might say. She knew nothing about jumping hurdles, but he taught her a few tricks by himself. The contests came on in due time. The chaplain appeared on his scrub horse, while the others were seated on mounts especially chosen and trained for the sport. When the racing and jumping was over and the dust had cleared away, there stood the chaplain on his little horse he had trained himself, holding aloft the flag of victory. He had cleaned up the field.

I went around with him and met the officers of the Fort. "The only trouble with the chaplain from our standpoint is that he beats us at our own game," was the comment I heard on every hand. When the chaplain can beat his men at their own game, they will treat him with deference and come round and listen to him when he stands up to speak in playing his own game. Let me say in passing that Mrs. Miller also rides with grace and skill, and has at least one loving-cup of her own.

Chaplain Miller, however, is more than an expert horseman. He is a true minister of the gospel to his men. He holds two services a Sunday and one on Thursday in the guard-house. He is sure of his audience there. He baptizes the children, visits the sick, looks after the wayward, and proves himself a friend in the hour of need. On Children's Sunday, last, he and Mrs. Miller put on a children's pageant that brought out the whole army post. On Mothers' Day they put on a big outdoor service on the parade ground that was a great success. A week or ten days before this event he gave each of the officers and men, six hundred and fifty of them, a sheet of letter paper and an envelope. The letter paper bore the inscription, "The Best Mother in the World. Mothers' Day, 1925." You may rest assured their mothers received letters that gladdened their hearts.

The Commanding Officer

I met and secured, what I did not expect, an interview with the commanding officer of the Post, Colonel David H. Biddle. Having had some experience with army officers, I went into his office pre-

pared to salute, shake hands, say "Good morning," and beat a hasty retreat. But a retreat was not the order of the day with Colonel Biddle at that moment, for he pointed me to a seat close to his desk, saying, "Be seated." He didn't add "and be at attention." That was not necessary. The Colonel commands attention without requesting it. He got it from me, and I didn't have a hard time giving it. Colonel Biddle was born in New Jersey about half a century ago. He was born into the service. His father was an army officer before him. He has never known anything else. By birth, inheritance, instinct, experience and training he is a soldier. He is not gruff, but he is forceful. He is a six-footer, with broad shoulders and clean-cut features.

Accustomed to talking to others, somewhat emphatically, and not used to having others talk to him, he began talking to me. Discipline has left its mark upon him, even upon his method of speech, and it is not a bad mark either. The fact that he has been charged with the responsibility of disciplining others for many years is also visible in his bearing.

Instantly, on greeting me with a gripping hand-shake, he knew he had some things to say to me, and he said them with dispatch and well-chosen words that went to their mark like bullets to a bull's-eye. Some of them stuck in my mind as effectually as though they had been coated with glue. I record here a few of his sentences:

"I always try to impress upon the men that, when the soldier walks the streets of town or city, he is a marked man. He is in the spotlight and the spotlight follows him every step he takes. The way he behaves, in the estimation of the observing public, is the way the army behaves.

"In the army nowadays, we are hard pressed. We are short of men and officers. We have to do a lot of things and we must do them all well. We are getting ready for the Citizens' Military Training Camp. In this country we have to choose between two courses of action. We may train a fairly good number of men intensively and constantly in the regular army, or we may train a small number of men in the regular army intensively, while at the same time we train a relatively large number of men a little in the C. M. T. C. We have elected to do the latter.

"I am a believer in stern discipline." At this point the Colonel began to bristle. His eyes dilated and flashed fire. He shot out his hands and occasionally his clenched fists in gestures that were a good deal like the blows of a boxer in combat. "I am not troubled if the men who land in the guard-house complain of harsh treatment. I don't care how much they go about, when they are released, howling because they encountered but little mercy. Laxity in punishing men who are guilty of misconduct in the army, or out of it, does nothing to discourage lawlessness. Let the penalty for wrong-doing be severe and inflexible, and then let it come upon the offender swiftly and with unswerving accuracy, and men will think twice before they disobey the law. I would even use the whipping post, in the public square, where all may see, for wife-beaters and such like. Make an object lesson of them. I did not intend to preach to you when you came in but I guess I've done it," he concluded, and I knew it was time to go. I am glad the Colonel preached and I hope he found me a good listener.

With the main drift of his argument I am in hearty accord. There is a growing sentiment in this country that the administration of law and the enforcement of penalties is lacking in severity and swiftness. Too many culprits get away, and when we apprehend them the lash of chastisement falls too feebly and too late, if it falls at all, to act effectively as a deterrent of crime.

The Ohio Convention

A swift trip across three states brought me to Ohio, where the State Convention was in session at Columbus in the "Church of the Golden Rule." It was a gathering to make your heart leap. When I went in, with Mr. Wm. D. Kerr, Western Chairman of our National Laymen's Committee, at 10 a. m., the church was practically full, at a business session. The night before, so the papers of the morning said, people had been turned away. The delegates and friends were pledging money for the "Convention Chest" to provide funds for the state work during the coming year. The place was alive with enthusiasm that was something more than froth. Stanley Stall had given his first report as State Superintendent, and it was a story of big things done and bigger ones to come. Ohio Universalists were celebrating the centennial of the organization of their State Convention. It was a great celebration and the greatest Convention the state has had for many years.

Our hearts were saddened as we paid tribute to two friends who have departed for the higher life during the past year, the Rev. W. R. Rowland and W. O. Jameson. Both of these men left behind them a rich heritage of devotion and a gap not easily filled. The attitude of the Convention was that we must let the inspiration of their zeal urge us on to larger vision and deeper loyalty. The Sunday before, eight people in the Columbus church came forward and made good Mr. Jameson's subscription to the support of the parish budget, which ran into three figures. Three cheers for Ohio and its Centennial. Watch the Buckeye State grow, but be prepared to keep pace with it.

On to Vermont

Once again the fast train, for the East, claimed me, and the next day I was back in New England. A night's rest in my own bed, and early the next morning, with my son to act as relief driver, we were off bright and early for the opening of the Vermont Convention at Barre, the "granite center of the world." Through town, city and hamlet, over wonderful roads, smooth as a table-top, up hill and down dale, and into the Green Mountains, where the scenery is incomparable, we sped, drinking in the wonderful air. When we pulled into Barre, after nine hours of steady driving, rain was falling in torrents. Our speedometer had registered just 268 miles. A strenuous trip.

The Barre church, recently renovated within and without, with a fresh coat of spotless white paint and gray trimmings, made a beautiful picture, outlined against the gathering darkness. It stands in

the center of the business section of the city, with a small well-shaded park directly in front. The tower, with a town clock in it that actually runs and keeps good time, is illuminated by well-placed electric flood lights at night. The Rev. W. A. Kelley, the minister, is to be congratulated, and so are his people, on what has been achieved during the first year of his pastorate. Mr. Kelley is making a record for himself in Barre.

The rain kept up through the night and threatened Sunday morning, keeping away many from a distance, who expected to be on hand for the first service of the Convention. In spite of this handicap I preached that morning to an audience that nearly filled every pew in the church. I was impressed with the number of young folk who were present, many of them fine young men. If the start off Sunday was any indication Vermont is following closely on the trail of Ohio, with a record breaker of a Convention. In the evening I heard Prof. H. P. Morrell of the Canton Theological School give a never-to-be-forgotten address to the young people. It was replete with gripping sentences and rich in the wisdom of a man who challenges youth with his vigor, his courageous thinking, fearless logic and forward looking vision.

If the State Conventions I have attended this spring are to be taken as a barometer, we are in for one of the greatest gatherings in our history when we go up to Syracuse to meet with Dr. Betts and his people next October for our General Convention.

Our Prayers Together

Grace F. White

Sunday, August 9

The heavens declare the glory of God: day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge.

Psalm 19 : 1, 2.

Listen to the exhortation of the dawn!
Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and realities of your existence;
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty;
For yesterday is but a dream,
And to-morrow is only a vision;
But to-day, well-lived, makes
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every to-morrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn.

From the Sanskrit.

Our dear Father in heaven, we bring Thee our gratitude for each day as it comes, with possibilities and opportunities that may mean to us advance in knowledge of Thy truth, a closer approach to Thine expectation of us, and a better offering of ourselves in loving service. Help us to be mindful of Thy promises, and to venture in Thy strength and by Thy guidance, without wavering, upon the experiences of the hours as they come and go. And grant us Thy peace, when day is done. *Amen.*

Monday, August 10

What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Micah 6 : 8.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

John G. Whittier.

Dear Father of us all, we pray Thy mercy upon us, so keen in love of self as to be unfair to those upon whom we dare to sit in judgment. Are we always true, always generous, always good? Are we always patient, always merciful, always right? Make us to consider our own failure in the very things we presume to condemn in others. Open our eyes upon our own shortcomings. Reveal to us our own errors. And give unto us, we pray, the mercy we to others show. And give to them, as they may need, the mercy we ourselves desire. Make us just, keep us humble, too busy mending our own ways to concern ourselves with the faults of others, too loving to wish harm upon any soul. *Amen.*

Tuesday, August 11

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

Galatians 6 : 2.

For every man shall bear his burden.

Galatians 6 : 5.

God cares!
How sweet the strain!
My aching heart and weary brain
Are rested by the sweet refrain—
He cares, our Father cares!

God cares!
The words so sweet
My lips and life shall e'er repeat,
My burdens all left at his feet—
God cares, He always cares!

Helen A. Casterline.

Blessed be Thou, Father of mercies and God of all comfort. Thou comfortest Thy children that they may comfort one another in time of stress. Strengthen us, and give us power to share the burdens of sorrow, of pain, of fear, with which life makes us familiar. Even as Thou hast been our sufficiency when none other knew our need or could help in our own peculiar trial, so wilt Thou lift or lighten the burden of every soul. In Thine own way manifest Thyself to all in distress, and grant them the willing mind, the responsive heart, that light may shine upon their darkness, and peace be to them in their necessities. So poor and inadequate must be our sympathy at best. But with Thee is healing, with Thee is deliverance. For all Thy children we pray the perfect faith of our Lord

and Master, who in bitterest agony could say, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." According to Thy mercy, so be it unto us. *Amen.*

Wednesday, August 12

Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever. It is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all thy works.

Psalm 73 : 25, 26, 28.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

Robert Browning.

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come. We may not change Thy perfect will, we may not hide from Thee. Thou knowest us altogether. But we are of Thee, created in Thine image and dowered with immortal life. May we come to Thee as the one perfect God, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. From everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God, and there is none else. In Thee we may safely trust, and find in Thee our refuge and our strength. May we come to Thee as children, however imperfect, weak and erring, and find in Thee our Father, infinite in wisdom and love and might, of great loving kindness and tender mercies. And so coming, may we learn to know Thee and to love Thee and to serve Thee, as we ought. *Amen.*

Thursday, August 13

Blessed be the name of God forever and ever, for wisdom and might are his. He giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding. He knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with him.

Daniel 2 : 20, 21, 22.

Have I knowledge? Confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought? How purblind, how blank to the infinite Care.
Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?
I but open my eyes—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul, which in bending, upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to His feet.

Robert Browning.

O Lord, our Lord, the heavens declare Thy glory and the earth utters Thy praise. Who are we that Thou art mindful of us? Thou lovest us with a perfect love; and Thy wonderful gifts to the children of men are more than we can grasp or understand. We would worship Thee in spirit and in truth. We would seek Thee and find Thee. We would love Thee with all our strength. We bow ourselves before Thee for Thy blessing. Enter into our hearts and possess our souls, and deliver us from evil, that we may praise Thee as we ought. And to Thee be glory and dominion and power through Eternity. *Amen.*

Friday, August 14

Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

Isaiah 41 : 10.

"Therefore, our heavenly Father,
We will not fear to pray
For the little needs and longings
That fill our every day;
And when we can not whisper
A want that lieth dim,
We say 'Our Father knoweth,'
And leave it all to Him.

"For His great love has compassed
Our nature and our need.
We know not, but He knoweth,
And He will bless indeed.
Therefore, O heavenly Father,
Give what is best to me;
And take the wants unanswered,
As offering made to Thee."

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, grant us to accept Thy rich promises, and to be brave and of good courage, because Thou art our unfailing help and strength. Increase our faith in Thee, that light may shine out of darkness, and that we may walk with Thee, upheld by Thy right hand. May Thy peace be our joy. *Amen.*

Saturday, August 15

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord and depart from evil.

Proverbs 3 : 5, 6, 7.

Do well thy part
With hand and heart,
Nor let dull care
Thy spirit wear;
And when thou feel'st how poor and weak thou art,
Lean thou thy head on God's almighty heart.

The fight is long,
The foe is strong;
Thy strength is small,
And fears appall;
Fret not thyself to know how soon the strife will end,
For thou may'st safely leave it all to God thy Friend.

Henry Nehemiah Dodge.

We pray Thee, our God and Father, that we may live one day at a time, and give Thee of our best. And, whatsoever we think or say or do in that one day, may we reverence Thee and walk in Thy ways. Make us to remember our own weakness and our short-sightedness, and to trust Thee with all our hearts, that courage and cheer may accompany our every endeavor. And to Thee be our love and our praise forever. *Amen.*

Cruising Cross Country

XXIX North to Seattle

John van Schaick, Jr.

LAST night, after three full weeks in California lacking a day, we started north from San Francisco.

Old travelers know that to take most trains leaving San Francisco, south, east or north bound, we have to cross San Francisco Bay to the Oakland pier.

We had a six o'clock dinner at the Palace Hotel, cousins dining with us—a sadness of separation in the air. One does not come to the coast every year. The coast people may not come "back East" right away either. The clock got around to 7.15 and the rest of the coffee had to be left.

From the after deck of the ferry boat we watched the rows of lights and leaping electric signs of San Francisco fall away behind us. A bank of clouds black as midnight, "high fog," hung above the city, but the last light of a wonderful sunset showed in the sky above the fog bank. The lights guarding the Golden Gate were flashing, and the outlines of the mountains on each side of it were clearly visible. As if inviting us back, the sign over the ferry houses kept flashing in red letters, "Welcome to California, Diamond Jubilee." Long may it be before they tunnel under the bay or make a bridge or build a new route around to the south. That approach to the city by water is an impressive introduction. Those flashing lights are an unforgettable good-by.

We had not been on a sleeper for twenty nights, and it seemed like getting home. The dusky porter did the honors. Every last red-cap with bags and bundles showed up on time.

The breaking up of the train into sections at Port Costa an hour out was a surprise. We were half an hour on an enormous ferry boat crossing Carquinez Straits—a wide part of the Sacramento River.

We had been advised to take the 11.40 p. m. rather than the 7.40 p. m. train so as to see Shasta, but the 7.40 saved a day for Seattle. By getting out to the observation end at 4.30 a. m. I had practically all of the Sacramento River Canyon, the last views of Mt. Lassen, and all of Shasta anybody could get under its cloud cap. We found ourselves in the morning back toward late spring after mid-summer, in rugged mountain scenery, with streams tumbling off green banks so close that we could feel the spray, and then disappearing under the tracks. We went through sheltered mountain valleys where cattle were grazing as in the upper valleys of the Alps. We passed miles and miles of half waste lands from which lumber had been cut, now grown up to bushes—good mainly for bears, berries and botanists. After six the talk among the hardy souls on the observation end drifted to hot coffee, flapjacks, bacon, and how good everything would be by 7 a. m., the first breakfast call. At the breakfast table we saw the clouds part for a moment on Shasta, giving us its beautiful outline, its huge towering bulk, its forests and its snow fields. Fourteen thousand, three hundred and eighty feet high, it is the boast of the state of California. Our railroad was the "Shasta Route" and our train "The Shasta." Innumerable little hamlets called themselves after it, like "Shasta View" and "Shasta Springs." Farther on we ran into the "Shasta Valley" and followed the "Shasta River." The mountain is an extinct volcano—not difficult to ascend for people at all sturdy.

We had a rollicking half hour on the observation end as we left California and entered Oregon, about 9 a. m. "See, it's getting cloudy already," said one man. "Look at those hogs," said another, pointing to a litter of small pigs. "See how small they are. Think what a size they would have been in California." "And the people appear less intelligent," it went on, "and the air much more flat and insipid." "Well, boys, let's go in. There's nothing more to stay out for."

But all day in Oregon proved interesting. The train boy came through with books of views of the Shasta Route—only $1.50. We told him we had trunks full of views which we never looked at. He tried us with playing cards. No good either. Then postcards, two bits a package, and we took them to help him along. My wife asked what two bits meant. He asked if we were from back East. I asked where he came from. Thereby we got a story. This train butcher was a Boston boy.

"My father and mother both died of T. B.," he said. "I came out here to Colville, Washington, eleven years ago—T. B. myself. I landed with just six bits in my pocket and my gun. Knew nobody. A man lent me an old broken down horse and buggy and I made for the hills. I got most of my living with my gun, but I became better. I learned all the trails, and began to take parties of hikers over the mountains. Soon I could outwalk any of them, and now I'm sound as a dollar. Live in Portland and work on the trains." "Give me one of your books," I said, "and mail it to my brother. I'm for a man like you who fights the thing out." "Well," he said, "you do meet real folks, don't you, once in a while, right on a train, too!" That testimonial made me happy all day.

We were two nights and a day traveling from San Francisco to Seattle—a distance of over 1,000 miles by the short route we followed.

To attempt adequate description of this journey of crossing Oregon—of gorges, mountain passes, and timber land, and of many a rushing torrent which like the Oregon rolls on and "hears no sound save its own dashing"—is not our purpose. But, like the trip on the coast line from Los Angeles to San Francisco, it is one of the striking and memorable railroad journeys of our country.

. . . . . .

We stopped off at Seattle on our way from San Francisco to Vancouver, mainly to see some friends. They made sure that we saw Seattle. We recommend that kind of combination—"Seeing Seattle with friends."

These people up here take no back seat for Californians. They hold up their heads and proudly boast of water as something as vital as sunshine—water in rain, in lakes, in waterfalls, in salt sea sounds, in canals. They want their sunshine a bit filtered through clouds, they dislike the bright white glare of southern California, they do not believe that life is meant to be lived where it is so hot. They consider pines and spruces as beautiful as olive trees and lemons, the making of cedar shingles as honorable as keeping boarders.

The charge that they have much rain they meet in two ways: First, they print comparative tables showing by the records of the U. S. Weather Bureau that while their annual rainfall is 33 inches, that of Cleveland is 35, St. Louis and Kansas City 37, Philadelphia 41, Boston and Washington, D. C., 43, New York 44, Atlanta 49, and New Orleans 57 inches.

Then they go after Los Angeles in this direct fashion: "Intense and prolonged sunshine is detrimental to the highest human progress. Filtered sunshine—sunshine filtered through the clouds—and only a moderate degree of intense sunshine is best for all and vital to the development of the most energetic peoples." And so on. Empires and civilizations built up rapidly under the stimulus of sunshine, like southern California, crash into ruins through the decay in stamina of the peoples. Without humidity and clouds equalizing temperature "the earth each day would become a huge frying pan and at night a huge refrigerator. Life on the planet would become extinct."

A Seattle man confided in me as we were shaving on "the Shasta," Seattle only half an hour away. "I have been so homesick in Los Angeles," he said. "It is disgraceful for a man as old as I am to be so homesick. I could not eat. I could not sleep. It is too hot in Los Angeles. I could not breathe. Here I have a little place on the other side of Lake Washington. I can see all the Olympic Mmountains. In three hours I can go in my car to the wildest, most romantic scenery in the world." "But," I broke in, wiping the lather out of my ear, "doesn't it rain a lot here?" "It does," he replied proudly. "We need the rain. We like it. A man can be out in our rain all day and not get wet. In Los Angeles he is soaked to the skin in five minutes." This man, by the way, was not a native son of the misty Northwest. He was born in Germany and speaks with a decided accent, but no real estate agent in Los Angeles could more fervently declaim on the future of his adopted community.

One remark indicated that he was not merely a "boomer." "To be sure," he said, "it is new. It has not the character it will have in five hundred years. Much of it must be pulled down and done over with better planning, more beauty. Five hundred years from now it will have the traditions, the landmarks, our European cities have now."

All that applies equally to all other cities in the United States. That we are a new people is impressed on us as we travel over the country.

On the northwest wall of the Church of Our Father, Washington, there is a tablet which bears this inscription:

In Memoriam
Hon. Portus Baxter M. C.
of Vermont
Born Dec. 4th, 1806
Died Mar. 4th, 1868
Ellen Janette Harris
his wife
Born Nov. 26th, 1811
Died June 14th, 1882.

Mr. Portus Baxter of Seattle, grandson of that Portus Baxter of Derby Line and Washington, nephew of the late Surgeon-General Baxter, and brother of Miss Janette Baxter, has been our Seattle guide. He was twenty-six years on the *Seattle Intelligencer*, and was managing editor when he retired to his beautiful place at "Three Tree Point" on Puget Sound. He knows everybody and knows the community. With him and his sister as guides and his big car for transportation, we saw as much as one can well absorb in a single day.

We stayed at the Olympic Hotel, opened last year, and it took us back home to find that it was managed by the people who run the Bancroft in Worcester, Mass., the Ten Eyck in Albany, the Robert Treat in Newark, and other hotels we happen to know. It was built by the people of Seattle subscribing to the stock, and the citizens take a pride and interest in it. Not as large as others we have stayed in on the trip, it is as dignified and beautiful as any we have seen at home or abroad, and furnished with exquisite taste. Our room commanded a view of Elliott Bay, Puget Sound, and of many miles of city and mountains. One could get a fairly accurate idea of Seattle from the top floor of this hotel. We walked down the corridor at night to get the view of the city off to the north and east. We put out our lights and sat for a long time in our room before going to bed to watch the fairylike tower of the L. C. Smith Building—a tall campanile—forty-two stories high, lighted up so that it is visible far out at sea.

The city is built on hills, between which run arms of the sea, a mammoth ship canal of the United States Government and fresh water lakes. Lake Washington has a fifty-two mile boulevard around it. Along some of these boulevards stand the pines and spruces which are the glory of the state.

Baedeker tells us that "Seattle, founded in 1852, named after an Indian chief, had 3,533 inhabitants in 1880 and is now one of the largest and most energetic cities of the Pacific Northwest." It showed its courage in rebuilding after the disastrous fire of 1889. To-day the population is over 400,000. It is the trade center for this northwest country, the distributing point for Alaska. Great fish, lumber, coal and other commercial and industrial interests are represented here.

The first thing we saw on our drive was the Lake Washington Canal project. By log-rolling and desperate political fighting lasting from earliest pioneer days down to the Great War, these determined citizens secured Government aid to build a canal eight miles long which connects the Pacific Ocean with Lakes Union and Washington, "giving Seattle both fresh and salt water harbors." My host did not say so, but it was obvious that the canal is one of the

monuments to local pride and folly of which the United States has so many. It represents the worst kind of pork barrel legislation. It ought never to have been built. If it had to be built it ought to have been built farther south, to Lake Washington direct. It was one of the local fights which separated families, made and unmade politicians, changed history. The locks are a wonderful sight—almost as large as those on the Panama Canal—and they can accommodate vessels 780 feet long. But as few vessels are demanding admission to Lake Union and Lake Washington, why have it? Mainly, we are told, so vessels encrusted with barnacles can sail into fresh water and make the barnacles let go and drop off. In other words, this huge government project is merely an automatic barnacle eradicator not much used.

The salt water harbor of Seattle, however, is a busy sight. The loyal inhabitants take pains to let us know that they are four days nearer Japan and China by great circle sailing than is San Francisco. The future trade with the Orient, they believe, is in their hands. Certainly they have a good start on it now.

The University of Washington, which surprised other universities two years ago, and again last year, by winning the boat race on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, is at Seattle. The campus is on a high hill commanding one of the magnificent views of the city, and runs down to Lake Union on one side and to Lake Washington on the other side. They have what amounts to limitless practise space for their aquatics under all kinds of conditions. Their amphitheater or stadium accommodates 30,000, is set into the hill so that the top is on a level with the campus, and the bottom with the water. It is merely the foundation of a vaster stadium to come in years ahead. We can't call it a bowl, for it is open to the water, and across the water one can look for miles to the gorious mountains.

The grand white cone of Mt. Rainier is seen from Seattle occasionally, but it is much nearer Tacoma. The snow mountains visible from Seattle are the Olympics, on the large island which bounds Puget Sound to the west. Going up with Miss Baxter to call on her mother, we were lucky enough to have the mists clear and the sun shine full on them for several minutes. There may be glittering snow ranges which stay out indefinitely, but our experience with both Alps and English lakes, Himalayas and Rockies, with California, Colorado and Washington, is that the choice views, the glittering things, the stupendous sights, are on exhibition for short times only, and that one had better look while the looking is good.

We drove up hill and down hill, past the many playgrounds, along the boulevards, around the lakes, and into the parks—they have twelve at least—and through the choice residence districts all over the city.

In Woodland Park there stood a simple, dignified memorial to the late President Harding. It was in Seattle that he made his last speech, July 27, 1923. What he said then about Alaska fits the country round about Seattle and even the city itself:

"I wish I had language to convey the lure and fascination which grow on one during every hour of a constantly wondering visit. Nature must have been in a lavish mood, not alone to create incalculable resources, but to adorn them with mountain and lake, and the streams and waterfalls which connect them, until one may fancy the Festival of Creation, celebrating the Mysterious Miracle, with God Himself making merry in tossing ribbons of falling waters, 500 to 2,000 feet long, like confetti at the carnival."

We stopped to speak to the animals in the Zoo—the bear, especially—more of them, more kinds, sizes and colors, than I ever have seen before.

One can not go to the Northwest, one can not read or think about it, without thinking of bigness, boldness, initiative, resourcefulness, and other qualities of the pioneer.

The men who opened up this country are with us still, and their children inherit their qualities. In both Oregon and Washington I was reminded of one of the few sermons I never can forget, that of Marvin of Franklin on the pioneers of the land, pioneers of the ocean and pioneers of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The liberal church ought to be strong in the Northwest. It fits the people who first went there. It fits the generation they are raising there.

Vancouver, B. C., Sunday, May 31, 1925.

Twelve Months of Reviewing

II. The Ten Best Books

Granville Hicks

IN an earlier article I spoke of the aims and methods of a reviewer; in this article I shall list and comment upon what I consider to be the ten best books out of the one hundred and fifty I have reviewed. I confess that I had little trouble compiling the list, for in going over my files I was unable to find more than twenty books that might even be considered. Out of these eight obviously belonged among the ten best, and the other two were selected without great difficulty. I am very happy that I have a chance once more to speak of these ten books, partly because I like to end the year upon a positive note, and partly because I want to tell people a second time how really good these books are. I shall take up the books in the order in which I reviewed them, and in parentheses I shall give the date of the *Leader* in which the review appeared.

Romain Rolland's "Mahatma Gandhi" (July 5, 1924) is the only biography on my list. I selected it in preference to either Lawrence's or Annin's biography of Wilson and to Iconoclast's biography of Ramsay MacDonald because it is better written than any of them. Very brief, hardly more than a character sketch, it nevertheless contains the essential details of Gandhi's life, and it presents a sympathetic interpretation of his character of which only a man of profound spiritual insight would be capable.

Its style, even in the English translation, has life and fire, qualities all the more evident in the original French. As a piece of good writing and as an admirable portrait of one of the great men of our age, perhaps the greatest spiritual leader of our time, it deserves to live, and undoubtedly will live when most of the books of the year are forgotten. It is the book with which I began my year of reviewing, a book which stirred me as I read it and made me conscious of my unworthiness to review it.

Rolland's book will survive, I believe, for some years, but Lucien Price's "Prophets Unaware" (August 9, 1924) is already forgotten, I fear, if, indeed, it were ever known. Nobody paid much attention to it, and I am surprised to discover that I devoted less than a column to my review of it. Yet I can remember few books which have given me so rich an understanding of the nature of true education, so strong a sense of the importance of ideas, as did this account of the Meiklejohn experiment at Amherst. In part, of course, it is valuable because it tells of a valuable experiment, but the keen observations of the author and his wise, intelligent ideals for education give the book double significance. I am sorry that it has not received more attention, for I believe that it might help to clarify some of the muddy thinking that goes on in the educational chaos of to-day.

Originality, accuracy, and sound thinking characterize Price's book and that of Rolland; they are also found in E. F. Scott's "The Ethical Teaching of Jesus" (August 16, 1924), and here they are much more remarkable. There are plenty of original books about Jesus, and a good many accurate ones, but most of these that are original are not accurate, and most of those that are accurate are not original. Professor Scott is a scholar and an accurate one, author of many notable contributions to the study of the New Testament. Moreover, he is a man who can find a new approach if one is to be found, and, strange to say, the thought of Jesus as a teacher of ethics, in the looser sense of the word, is comparatively fresh. I know of only two or three books which make this approach, and none is as thorough, as accurate, or as discriminating as Dr. Scott's. His book is, I am inclined to believe, the only important book on Jesus which the year has brought forth.

It is a long leap to "These Eventful Years" (Dec. 13, 1924) but this is a book deserving a place among the ten best, if only because of the magnificent conception behind it. It was a glorious idea to gather contributions from conspicuous men in many countries in the attempt to tell the story of the first quarter of the twentieth century, and if in execution the book fell short of its conception the execution is none the less admirable. However faulty in some of its details, the book demands our admiration by virtue of certain of its contributions, particularly the brilliant chapters by J. L. Garvin. Other chapters are valuable because they clearly state important facts, and the book as a whole provides useful material for any one who would understand his age. Few people, no doubt, will feel called upon to read through the two volumes, but many will find it valuable for reference, and it would find a place on this list if only because it contains those chapters by Garvin to which reference has been made.

If I had not long ago realized that Havelock Ellis's "Impressions and Comments" (December 27, 1924) belonged on the list, I should have been moved to place it there now, for I have just been rereading the author's "Dance of Life," and have realized afresh the sanity of his mind and the lucidity and beauty of his style. In "Impressions and Comments," of which the present volume is the third series, he shows us that mind busying itself with the major and the minor events of his own life and of the life of the times. Around the simplest events and those of world-wide significance he lets his richly informed mind play, and the result is a delight to the reader. Added to the interest of the subject matter is the loveliness of the style. Ellis ranks high among living masters of the English language, and his book stands out not merely as the most beautifully written of the one hundred and fifty I have reviewed this year, but also as one of the few books of recent times that can lay claim to literary distinction.

Like Romain Rolland's "Mahatma Gandhi," Duchesne's "Early History of the Christian Church" (January 17, 1925) is translated from the French, though by no means so well translated. The third volume, that now under consideration, is unfortunately the last, having been published posthumously. In his account of the eventful fifth century the author traces with care and intelligence the Christologic alcontroversies and the developments of church organization. That the book is not altogether interesting is partly the fault of the translator, but, interesting or dull, the book is valuable to the student of church history. It is as a scholarly contribution rather than as a work of general interest that it finds its place on our list. Its publication was something of an event, and the book is destined to endure because of the author's impeccable scholarship.

More interesting, and less scholarly only because intended for a wider public, is Julius Bewer's "The Literature of the Old Testament" (February 28, 1925), a clear, vividly written, well organized book, which shows us what kind of Bible the higher criticism has given us. I know of no non-technical book on the Old Testament which combines more desirable qualities. Professor Bewer helps us to understand the critical method and shows us the results of its application. He gives us the historical background so far as it is necessary to an understanding of the literature. His scholarship, though always present, is never obtrusive. It remains in the background, giving authority to what is essentially the story of living men and women and their thoughts and emotions.

Another book remarkable for its combination of scholarship and general interest is Principal Selbie's "The Psychology of Religion" (March 21, 1925). As I said many times in a variety of ways in my review, the chief merit of this book is its honest, impartial, and strictly scientific analysis of the contributions which the study of psychology can make to the study of religion. Selbie can distinguish between what he wants to believe and what he has reason for believing. His chief glory is that he knows the limitations of psychology. The book possesses

accuracy and soundness of reasoning. If it lacks originality, in the sense that the works of James and Pratt in this field are original, it at least sifts the good from the bad in other men's work, and at this stage of the study of the psychology of religion that is a most important task.

In "The Four Gospels" (May 23, 1925), Canon Streeter's latest contribution to the study of the New Testament, we have a work which is valuable because it synthesizes four different approaches to gospel problems, because the author knows how to use both textual research and literary criticism, because the author has original views and does not hesitate to set them forth, and because the book is written clearly with a minimum of technical jargon. "The Four Gospels" is a book that the scholars will mull over for months to come, long articles will appear about it in theological reviews, Streeter's Proto-Luke theory will be dissected in the text books of the future. For that reason alone I should put it on this list, but when one remembers that, after all, the average layman could read the book if he were willing to make the effort, one appreciates the noteworthiness of Streeter's achievement and one knows that the book is indeed one of the outstanding books of the year.

Miriam van Waters' "Youth in Conflict" (June 13, 1925) was one of the doubtful books on the tentative list which I first prepared, the doubt resulting from the fact that after all the book treats a very narrow field. After re-examining the entire list of possibilities, however, I decided to include this among the ten best. Not only is it a very good book, a thorough and adequate treatment of its subject, but also, as I realized, it is the sole book on sociology which might by any chance be included among the favored ten. I have therefore placed it on the list, wisely I believe. Miss van Waters has been an observer in one of the great laboratories of the social sciences. She has recorded her observations intelligently and intelligibly. Therefore her book deserves to be included in the list.

That is my list. I would have it clearly understood that these are only the ten best out of the hundred and fifty I have reveiwed. This is not a list of the ten best books published. Even within the limitations of the one hundred and fifty there would doubtless be some disagreement, and I am myself in doubt about one or two of the ten. I offer the list, then, without dogmatism, simply for what it is worth, hoping that it may be worth something.

The General Convention of the Y. P. C. U.

Alsace Crosbie

THE slogan "From Dogma to Deed" struck the keynote of the thirty-seventh annual Convention of the Young People's Christian Union meeting in Detroit during the week of July 15-20. In the business sessions the reports of the various departments reflected this; the leading speakers also seemed to feel the motive, for their addresses were woven around this phrase.

The reports for the last year really started the business of the Convention. In many cases they were very gratifying. All showed some gain, though we were not satisfied even with the best of them. That would be stagnation, and mean death to the Union.

The report of the Junior Y. P. C. U. should make the Senior Union get on the job harder than ever. It was one of the very best reports presented. During the past year the Junior Union has worked over a part of its literature, bringing it up to date, and making it of special value for intensive activities. Membership was increased by 121 new members, making about 19 per cent increase, and thirty-seven members were graduated into the Senior Union. In Legion of the Cross work it has been very active also. The contribution this year was $102, an increase of $18 over last year. Besides these outstanding matters, the detail work has been carefully taken care of. This is the work of the new Junior superintendent, Miss Edna Bruner from Ontario, who began her activity a year and a half ago. Her efforts have certainly been appreciated.

The report of the secretary-treasurer was especially satisfactory, for it showed good changes in many ways. For some time the funds of the Union have been rather carelessly invested without real understanding of the organization of the business. During the past year every investment has been carefully examined. Several changes have been made, and our funds seem more properly administered than ever before. From another point of view the report was very acceptable. In a good many cases unnecessary expenses have been cut down, making it possible to use financial strength in places where it is more needed. In no case, however, does it seem that this cutting of certain expenses has hampered the more important work of the departments of the organization. In the missionary department of the Legion of the Cross this is especially noticeable, for our full appropriation for that work which appeared in the budget a year ago has been paid, together with the elimination of a deficit from last year. The working over of the funds of the Union together with a capable handling of the investments has been a big work, and the treasurer deserves much commendation for his success.

The report of the resolutions and recommendations committees reflected in an interesting way the spirit of "From Dogma to Deed," for these reports were concerned with the more efficient work in the departments and throughout the Union, rather than with the demonstration of an attitude toward those things which grow out of Union interest and Christian devotion. There seemed to be a feeling that the spirit should be felt rather than expressed in words, because words chain and hold back, while the spirit of the Convention, unhampered by phrasing, will grow and expand until it is even deeper than at present.

The election of officers, which concluded the business of the Convention, brought four new mem-

bers to the Executive Board. The Rev. Ellsworth C. Reamon was re-elected president. Miss Ruth Owens, who was on the board last year, became vice-president. Mr. Albert Day, from the former auditing committee, fills the office of secretary-treasurer. The Executive Board consists of Mr. Harold Lumsden of Illinois, who is serving for his second year, Miss Mary Slaughter, from the Sunday School Headquarters, who has served the Union before in many capacities, Mr. Carl Olson, who did splendid work last year as Massachusetts superintendent of Legion of the Cross, and Mr. Tracy Pullman of Maine. With these leaders to spur the Union on, the coming year should be a most successful one in many ways.

The three study classes at the Convention consisted of Mission Study, the Junior Union, and Getting Results in Union Work. The Mission Study class reviewed methods of interesting and educating Unioners in loving and giving, and in outlining plans for the coming year. The class in Junior Union was for Junior leaders, and covered to a certain extent the psychology of children and the teaching of them. It also discussed methods in all the departments of Junior work. Miss Ruth Owens taught the class in "Getting Results in Union Work." Miss Owens is considered the best diagnostician of Union troubles and adviser of remedies that we have in Union work. Her conferences on the subject are always of great value to those who attend.

The devotional services at the Detroit Convention seemed more inspiring than those of most Conventions. A vesper service built around the meaning of music in Union work was beautiful in spirit and expression as well as in idea. The fact was stressed that, in many cases, those songs which mean so much to Unioners could not be taken in any degree in their old theological meaning, but that this should not detract from the beauty and inspiration of them. The stories of several of the best known hymns were told and made them seem more valuable than ever.

"What men live by" was the theme of another splendid service. Work, play, worship, and love were stressed as the most vital things in a full life. A period of silent prayer with soft organ music added much to the beauty of this devotional meeting.

The sunrise service, as is always true, was the most inspiring of these periods of worship. The beauty of the setting, in a wood of great forest trees with a sparkling river reflecting the freshness of the early morning sky, was not the least important factor in inspiring the Union. "What is your name?" was the subject of this service. The idea was given that the names which we receive early in our lives are merely attached to us, they are not part of us. It is our lives and our service which really give us our names. We make names for ourselves, they can not be *given* to us.

The missionary prayer meetings also belonged to the devotional services. Miss Agnes Hathaway, who has just retired from work in Japan, led one of these. Her very deep love for her work and the people with whom she worked seemed to be impressed on those who heard her. Her quiet, sincere devotion made us feel that no effort was too great to make for our mission work.

There was used at the Convention a new idea along devotional lines, which went under the name of "Friendship Groups." Every person present was assigned to some group with ten or twelve others, to meet at the end of the evening services in a little room. The leader for about ten minutes held a very simple yet effective service of hymns, prayer, and scripture reading. It was the very simplicity and sincerity of these little groups which made them of so much value. A different spirit seemed to be present than can be felt in a larger, more restless meeting. The idea seems a splendid one, and will probably be used this year at most of the other large gatherings.

Dr. John Smith Lowe delivered the keynote address which set the pace of the Convention. With a splendid, graphic sweep, he brushed to one side the quibbling and quarreling among the churches over so-called "fundamentals" as a matter of hollow words with little or no relation to the great fundamentals set down for us by the prophet when he said, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" He turned to the words of Jesus for the great fundamentals, finding them in the passage in which Jesus lays down the greatest commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The young people of to-day have a great responsibility of leadership. In gaining knowledge of physical power, which is one of the greatest destroyers of the world, as well as a great builder, the development of spiritual power is often neglected. This spiritual power is the greatest thing there is in bringing about God's kingdom on earth. The development of that and the use of it in our daily work is the important task of the Union. Dr. Lowe sees a glorious future for the Church in the Y. P. C. U., giving as the reason for his optimism the belief that the Union has taken as its rule that rule of Micah and of Jesus—"Actions are more vital than words," expressed in our slogan "From Dogma to Deed."

Dr. John Murray Atwood addressed the Convention on the subject "To what extent is Universalism decay proof?" He said it was decay proof in just the same proportion that it is subject to the changes necessitated by the onward march of truth, and in just the same proportion as it is permeated by the idealism, the justice, love, and good-will of youth. Real religious faith is a mighty undercurrent of youth-life, despite some of the alleged tendencies toward what seem to be the lesser things of life. With this faith underlying all, we are prepared to meet the changes as the days and years roll on, to change with the call of the day.

Coincident with these changes, a certain joy in existence comes in realizing their coming, in feeling that life grows and grows as time rolls on, in knowing that in the light of present science nothing is impossible. If some one comes with a new thought, who knows its importance? Let us restrain the frown of disparagement and instead test the thought.

Universalism rose as a protest against the teachings of inhuman mankind and listened instead to the instincts of the heart. Let us recognize the rights of all persons and their ideals. To-day the Universalist Church carries its ideals on and on. Let us not waste time quibbling, but find our work and give ourselves to it whole-heartedly.

Mr. William Kerr of Chicago spoke about our part in the Five Year Program. It is unquestionably our duty to learn about this if we are to support it, and support it we certainly should. What is there to do in the program, and where does our church stand, are the first questions. Then we must get to work.

The address which made the "hit" of the Convention was that of Dr. Walter T. Judd, a young man who has been a traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, who is leaving soon for China. His ready wit and humor charmed the audience, for his personality is very attractive, and his keen logic and reasoning convinced even those most opposed to "missions." Dr. Atwood and Dr. Lowe expressed the sentiment of the Convention when they said that they had never heard anything to equal Mr. Judd's address. Dr. Judd is going to China as a medical missionary, and stands as a fine example of a young man offering his best for suffering humanity. Among his remarks was the idea that Christianity is a missionary venture, and has been from the start. One should not wait for the call, but should go unless there is a reason worthy to stand before God for not going. We can not all go, for there is work here to do. It is for each to find his field of service, to be willing to pay the price, to fill his place in bringing the Kingdom of God on earth. Dr. Judd represents the new type of missionary. "People," he said, "have strange ideas of missionaries—men doing a Paul Revere through a heathen land, casting Bibles from side to side." The missionary of to-day goes not necessarily to make Christians, but to bring to other people in other lands the best that we have to offer. We in turn should receive the best from them.

Dr. Glenn Clark, professor of English at Macalester College, led three conferences, on "Tuning in on the Infinite," "How to Pray," and "Our Souls as Windows." His meetings left a wonderful impression on the hearts of those who heard him, for his faith and love for man and God are great enough to inspire the most hardened pessimist. He did not address us as an orator, but seemed to be thinking aloud to us. One can not review what he said, but the impression of great strength and power without ourselves, waiting to work through us, will stay in the minds of all. Dr. Clark speaks of man as the window or mirror of God through which Love shines or is reflected. From him we gained a great desire to be as clear and shining as windows must be. There seemed to be about us the distant beating of mighty wings of power, the power of love which we must use.

The Detroit Convention has meant a very great deal to those who were fortunate enough to attend. It was a small Convention but there was inspiration for all. What it has been in the life of the Union will be shown in the success of this next year's work.

VI—The Entanglements of Religion with Dogmas

Daniel Evans

WHEN one of our own scientists, Dr. Kendrick, tells us that "a vast number of persons have lost their sense of religion largely because of its entanglements with dogmas," it is well for us to give heed to his statement. He is not a hostile critic of religion, but its sympathetic appreciator and friend, yet he writes these words from his own experience and observation. His wise and suggestive essays have deeply interested us, and we are the more disposed, in consequence, to give these words the greater attention.

Religion can not do without doctrine, but it can and should do without dogma. It can not be freed from the one, it must be freed from the other. The difficulty is to make the traditional orthodox folk on the one side, and the scientific and educated folk on the other, see and make the distinction between doctrine and dogma. There is much confusion on the matter. The orthodox, conservative people confuse doctrine with dogma, and the others confuse dogma with doctrine. Doctrine is the necessary attempt to think through the meaning of religious experience, the implications of this experience, and the historical facts, and the ultimate realities which produce it. Doctrine is the teaching of religion. It is as impossible for religion to get along without doctrine as it is for science to get along without its first principles, and its growing body of knowledge. An undoctrinal religion is a religion without structure, body, principles, truths; it is without form and void, as was the creation before the Divine Spirit brooded over it, and brought order out of chaos.

Dogma, on the other hand, is the official, fixed, unchanging formulation of the facts and truths and realities of religion. Dogma is made by the church or council or pope. It is fixed in its thought and terminology, meaning and value. Whatever changes may come in men's experience, in the increasing knowledge of the race, and in the providential leading of God, these changes do not affect the dogma. It is beyond the changes of history, the flux of the world, and the growing experience of humanity. The creeds of the church are its dogmas.

Now the entanglements of religion with dogmas give us trouble just because religion is a deepening experience in the life of the individual, and in the progress of the race; and in the course of time there is an ever growing clarification of thought with respect to the meaning of religion and its fundamental truths, but these dogmas will not permit the revision of the creeds, nor any changes in the thought of those who hold the creed. Religion is thus shackled; it is bound to the past formulations; it is tied down to fixed stakes. And to accept religion so entangled is impossible

for those who would be free both of soul and mind, of heart and conscience.

The task the liberal Christians have on their hands is to make clear to these men that religion can be, and by them is, freed from these entanglements, that it can be accepted by itself and for itself; that its doctrines do not prohibit but challenge thought; that its experience as a vital power in life will make for deeper thinking and clearer ideas, and require an ever-growing, ever-changing interpretation. We not only may ask, but require of persons that they think things through, that they maintain a free mind, and be ready to move forward with every new experience in religion and every new truth that comes from any quarter of the world.

Those persons, therefore, of whom Dr. Kendrick speaks as "losing their sense of religion because of its entanglements with dogmas," can find in liberal religion all their souls seek for, and all their minds require. Their need of religion can thus be met, and find satisfaction. And the liberal spirit, which the world so sorely needs, to counteract its selfishness, its narrowness, its oppressions, its intolerances, these persons can find in our churches, and give their loyal allegiance to its work in the world.

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DEDICATION OF THE JOHN MURRAY TABLET

IN the *Hampshire Herald and Alton Gazette, North and East Observer*, for July 10, there is an interesting account of the dedication of the tablet erected in the Alton Parish Church, Alton, England, to John Murray by the Universalist General Convention.

Dean Lee S. McCollester and Dr. Frank Oliver Hall represented the Convention.

The committee in charge of the matter for the Convention consisted of Dr. Frederic Williams Perkins, chairman, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, Mr. S. Winthrop St. Clair and the Editor of the *Universalist Leader*.

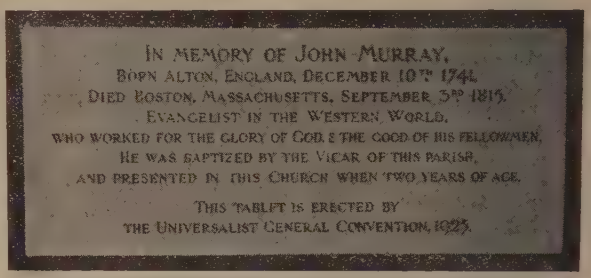
Great interest in the work was taken by the late Bishop of the diocese, Bishop Talbot, now dead, and by the former rector of the parish, the Rev. Charles R. S. Elvin, who retired last spring and is now living at 22 Sussex Road, South Sea, Hants. Mr. Elvin secured the permissions from the Bishop and other ecclesiastical authorities, and represented the committee of the Convention in getting bids and superintending the construction. He not only saved the committee money, but made a personal contribution to the work. The cost of the tablet was 23 pounds sterling, or about $110.

Arrangements for the unveiling were made by the Rev. F. R. Dawson, the present vicar, and he conducted the services and said the words of dedication.

The account follows:

There was an interesting ceremony at the Alton Parish Church on Wednesday evening, when the vicar (Rev. F. R. Dawson), at the close of evensong, dedicated a tablet which has been erected near the southwest corner of the church to the memory of John Murray, who was born in Alton in 1741, and who in later life went to America and became the founder of the Universalist Church.

The tablet is of white marble, surmounting a rather larger panel of black marble, and it bears the following inscription:


IN MEMORY OF JOHN MURRAY,
BORN ALTON, ENGLAND, DECEMBER 10TH 1741.
DIED BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER 3RD 1815.
EVANGELIST IN THE WESTERN WORLD.
WHO WORKED FOR THE GLORY OF GOD & THE GOOD OF HIS FELLOWMEN.
HE WAS BAPTIZED BY THE VICAR OF THIS PARISH,
AND PRESENTED IN THIS CHURCH WHEN TWO YEARS OF AGE.
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY
THE UNIVERSALIST GENERAL CONVENTION, 1923.

The tablet was unveiled, and the vicar dedicated it in a few simple words, and then asked Dr. Lee Sullivan McCollester, D. D., who is the Dean of Crane Theological School, Tufts College, Boston, to address the congregation, which he did, giving an interesting account of the life of John Murray, who, he reminded them, was born in Alton and dedicated in that interesting old church. He lived in the town, and then, as a young man, he went to London, where he became a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but he became acquainted with one who preached that the love of God would save all mankind, and he embraced that doctrine, which he determined to preach. Then strangely and suddenly his wife died, and he decided to "bury" himself and never preach again. He went to America, intending to adopt this course; but in the Providence of God he was landed on the sandy coast of New Jersey, and there he was prevailed upon to preach in a little church, with the result that eventually he went up and down the countryside delivering his message that the sacrifice of Jesus was sufficient to save all mankind, and that the love of God would ultimately bring all mankind into the family of God and into the Father's home. He preached the universal Fatherhood of God, and the universal brotherhood of man; but while he ably served religion, he also served the State, and was a trusted friend of George Washington at the time when America was warring against this country for its independence. In conclusion Dr. McCollester expressed his appreciation of the courtesy of the vicar in placing the tablet in the wall, and dedicating it to the memory of John Murray. When his hearers looked upon the tablet, he hoped that they would feel that it represented one who originated there, and went to another country, and gave it a message which was a comfort, a strength, and a vision to multitudes—a message which was still being handed on to others.

Dr. F. O. Hall of Boston, holder of the John Murray lectureship, also expressed his pleasure in being in that wonderful old church, and taking part in that service.

The hymn, "Through the night of doubt and sorrow," followed, and then the vicar closed the service with the benediction.

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THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK

C. H. Pennoyer

The fifty-second annual meeting of the National Conference of Social Work was held at Denver in June, and the *Denver Times* said that Denver had "never entertained a more notable assemblage." "It is not a religious order," said the *Times*, "concerned with matters of dogma or sectarian problems; it is not a fraternal order, interested in the building up of membership, the carrying out of fixed, prescribed functions and the promulgation of its own code of ethics or ideals; it is not a business or commercial association concerned with trade or professional issues of interest only to itself . . . On the contrary, it is a gathering of specialists in a work which touches and affects all humanity. Their aim is to create a spirit of justice, sympathy and helpfulness in a world which is beginning to learn that men are indeed their brothers' keepers."

President William J. Norton said it was the best conference yet held, though it had the smallest attendance in several years.

There were several general mass meetings. In a great address on "Racial and Religious Tolerance," Charles A. Ellwood, professor of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin, and president of the American Sociological Society, said: "In the South and West, there is developing a civilization that is undemocratic and unchristian, because it is intolerant. It is provincial, because it is so far removed from the great cultural and social currents of civilization. . . . Intolerance is lifting its hideous head in the church and in the school. In the West and South, school boards, disregarding legal and moral rights of individuals, are quizzing teachers as to their stand on evolution and their denominational affiliations, thus violating the Constitution and Christianity.. . . Intolerance is stalking into our state universities. Out of sixty-two colleges surveyed, the teachers of only five admitted untrammeled academic freedom."

There were two notable debates. Dr. Owen R. Lovejoy, general secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, and former United States Senator Charles S. Thomas, Denver, spoke for and against the proposed child labor amendment, and Prof. David Starr of Chicago and Congressman Wm. N. Vaile of Denver took the affirmative and negative on the question, "Is Racial Prejudice a Factor in Our Changing Immigration Policies?" In an address on "The State and Human Welfare," Hon. Wm. E. Sweet, former Governor of Colorado, urged greater activity in welfare work. Dr. John Howard Mellish, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., gave a strong sermon on "The Religion of Human Helpfulness." Sherwood Eddy, Y. M. C. A. leader, gave an address on International Peace. Dr. James F. Cooper, medical director of the clinical research department of the American Birth Control League, said that only birth control would keep Japan out of war. Two notable persons present were Honorio Poblador, chief of the bureau of dependent children, Public Welfare Commission, of Manila, P. I., and Dr. Fouad Bey, ex-Minister of Health in Turkey, member of the National Assembly, and president of the Orphans' Protective Society of Turkey.

There were several meetings of each of the eleven sections. "Welfare work consists not in placing children in an institution but in keeping them out of it," said Mrs. Kora Hemry-Meacham, Albuquerque, New Mexico. "The institution is the last resort." "The creating of unusual personalities in children is often the result of influences at home," said Miss Sybil Foster, director of Social Work, Boston Habit Clinics. "Parents cater to whims. Even if children start out normal, if they are humored by parents they may be led into the unusual personality list." "Children must be reached in the earliest years," said Prof. C. S. Berry, director of Special Education in Detroit, Mich. Another notable address in the section on "Children" was that of Dr. Miriam van Waters, referee of the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles, Cal. The home, neighborhood, school, church, work and play circles, are all "groups in which the child can carry on a task, express himself, get a code and find a sense of belonging to a group. Up to the age of twelve for boys, and twelve or thirteen for girls, the child will side with the parent, and after that with the school. Then he begins to 'rebel' against authority; it is the beginning of individual assertion. . . . It has been said that psychology is all data and no conclusion, and that sociology is all conclusion and no data. There must be an understanding. Home and school must work together."

In the section on "Delinquents and Corrections," the great address was that by Dr. George W. Kirchwey, former warden of Sing Sing, now director of the Department of Criminology in the New York School of Social Work. He said: "Little progress in criminology can be made until the public acquires a sane attitude toward crime and a better understanding of criminals. . . . Our present parole methods are generally ineffective, owing to the lack of proper training on the part of probation officers, and the inadequate knowledge possessed by them, and by the general public, of the elements and causes that enter into the making of the individual criminal. . . . After one thousand years of speculation and of experimentation there is at last an almost universal recognition of the fact that this long effort has been a failure. We are making, on the whole, no headway against crime. . . . The legal agencies of social control, the courts, the bar associations, admit the fact and proceed to devise a swifter and more certain administration of criminal justice. Both these controlling agencies in the organization and expression of public opinion assume as unquestioned the traditional doctrines as to the nature of the criminal and as to the appropriate method of dealing with him. Meanwhile, the social worker, the prison reformer, the probation officer, doubting the validity of the traditional doctrine upon which the newspaper, the judge and the lawyer rely, seek by the method of social case work to bring about a happy readjustment of the individual offenders to a normal social life."

Dr. George K. Pratt, assistant medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, said: "The problem of delinquency is largely one of recidivism, and recidivism is a problem of psychopathology." It was noted that the recommendations of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene are that steps be taken to abandon the county jail, that there be diagnostic clearing houses and vocational training, and that there be the real indeterminate sentence and adequate training and examination. Dr. Adolf Meyer, director of the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Johns Hopkins Hospital, said: "Against the evidence of lawlessness is a hopeful sign of a reaction. . . . It may be that the reaction will swing the nation as far into sobriety as the restriction swung it away from that center."

In the third section, that on "Health," Dr. Haven Emerson, professor of Preventive Medicine, Columbia University, said: "It may be fairly stated that it costs any individual or group not less than four times as much to go without health protection and adequate sickness service as to pay for it. At present we are giving hardly more than half of what science and the labors of past generations have put into our hands as trustees to be used. . . . One-third of the children of the United States show malnutrition." Dr. Benj. G. Gruenberg, managing director of the American Association of Medical Progress, said: "At least a billion dollars in economic waste could be saved through education in preventive medicine."

The fourth section was that of "The Family," a most important one every year. Prof. J. L. Gilpin, professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin, said: "It is the impossible home situation that makes the very young delinquent; the home which is spiritually bankrupt can not set before the young clear definitions of behavior goals in regard to chastity, property and community." Dr. George K. Pratt said: "The worst type of parents, from the standpoint of numbers, are those who are over-solicitous, over-affectionate, over-worried; parents for whom every pain is appendicitis and every cough penumonia. Five other types of parents who are barriers to the best health of children are those who are themselves unadjusted and have 'nervous breakdowns' to get what they want. Second are the parents who are hard and tyrannical, producing children who are rebellious to law. Then there are the parents who wish to give their children all the things they themselves missed. The most vicious is that type who refuse to let their children grow up and want to keep them babies just a little longer. This parent produces our 'adult orphans,' having all the characteristics of bewildered children thrust out into the world unable to face the problems of life." Miss Adaline Buffington, Salt Lake City, referred to a new tribe of gypsies, the automobile migrants. "These migrants pack their belongings, including babies, furniture, dogs, cats and canaries, into a worn-out automobile and start out with little money, with no idea of where they are going, and with reckless disregard as to how they are going to live on the way. . . . The old pioneers made an end of their wanderings and settled a country. Many of the present migrants wander carelessly, and use the plight of their children as an appeal for a livelihood."

In the section on "Public Officials and Administration," Professor Gilpin said: "Modern civilization will have crime until the people are willing to treat criminality as they treat disease. One of the explanations for crime is that people do not readjust themselves to forward steps." Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Denver Juvenile Court, said: "Both criminal courts for adults and juvenile courts for children will be supplanted by institutions of human welfare. Present judges and juries are not educated to deal with problems of delinquency and crime. Specialists in psychology, biology and sociology will take their places under the new institutions." Said Dr. Karl A. Menninger, secretary of Central Neuro-Psychiatric Association of Topeka, Kansas, and director of the Department of Criminology at Washburn College: "Just as the barber surgeons of medieval times have been replaced by medical surgeons, and political administration of hospitals changed to scientific administration, so prisons in time to come will be relegated to the past and hospitals will flourish in their stead. . . . What criminals need is treatment, not punishment. People should not be sentenced according to a book, but according to a diagnosis. If they are incurable they should be permanently confined. . . . Ultimately the solution of crime must come in the treatment of criminals to the manner in which insane persons are now cared for. Under this system a sentence will be as unthinkable for a murderer as it now is for a melancholic. Release before complete recovery will be as irregular for a thief or a rapist as it now is for a paretic or a patient with dementia precox." Dr. Kirchwey did not entirely agree with Dr. Menninger, but he did say that "the time is at hand when there shall be a complete medical and social story of the criminal. . . . The trained social worker will come into court."

In the section on "Immigration" Allen T. Burns, director of the National Information Bureau, said: "The census shows that in 1870 thirteen per cent of the immigrants in the United States were illiterate, and that at a time when the great bulk of immigration came from northern Europe. In 1924, despite the cry of the flood of illiterate immigrants, the percentage of illiterates among the foreign-born in the United States was twelve per cent." In an address on "The Visa and Quota Laws as They Relate to the Clients of Social Agencies," Miss Cecilia Razovsky, secretary of the department of immigrant aid of the National Council of Jewish Women, said: "No one can gainsay that the present law operates to separate families. . . Neglect, desertion, bigamy—these are three evils that may be charged squarely against the new immigration law." Members of the committee pointed out that judges throughout the country have denied citizenship papers to aliens with wives living abroad, although willing to admit the applicants if their wives are brought over. The immigration laws, however, bar the wives from entering the country and joining their husbands unless the husbands are naturalized citizens. This makes a vicious circle which is responsible for much of the work of social workers.

A new section, "Interpretive Publicity," is to be a part of the next annual gathering. The outgoing president said: "I regard the proper presentation of social welfare problems to the public as one of the most vital elements of success in our work." As many agreed, there is a paramount duty of letting the public know the facts. A most important form of publicity and general education is the dramatic. Plays winning first and second prizes in national social welfare work play contest were produced by the Community Players at the Denver Community Theater.

The conference will meet at Cleveland, Ohio, next year. The election of officers resulted in the following board for 1925-1926: President, Gertrude Vaile, secretary of Charities and Corrections, Denver; first vice-president, Porter R. Lee, director New York School of Social Work; second vice-president, Dr. Miriam van Waters, Los Angeles; third vice-president, Philip A. Parsons, Portland, Ore.; and Grace Abbott, Washington, D. C., Jane Addams, Chicago, Frank J. Bruno, St. Louis, Owen R. Lovejoy, New York, and Dr. Helen T. Woolley, Detroit.

Universalists among the delegates were from the New England States, from Minnesota, Colorado, Georgia, Pennsylvania and New York. These united with the Congregationalists at the Monday banquet. Mrs. Pennoyer and I attended different meetings, and participated in different discussions. I had charge of one meeting. The man who was chairman of the Committee on Physical Equipment was W. F. R. Mills, treasurer of our Denver church. Among those on different sectional committees of the Conference were Dr. Donald B. Armstrong for "Health," Mrs. Eva W. White on "Industrial and Economic Problems," and Miss Caroline M. Crosby on "Public Officials and Administration."

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the River and the Delta

This have I observed as I and Keturah went around this wobbly old Planet, that the great Rivers that flow to the Ocean have an hard time getting there because of the Silt which they carry. It is not the Rocks that impede them, but their own Detritus. For we saw the Nile and the Rhine and the Ganges and the Irrawaddy and certain other Mighty Streams, even as we had seen the Mississippi, and every one of them had a great Bar at its mouth, and a low, flat plain of soil through which it crept wearily and sluggishly into the Sea.

And I said unto Keturah, All the four rivers in the Garden of Eden rose in the Highlands in the heart of Continents, and every one of them gathered Silt as it traveled, and likewise the sewage of Cities, and flowed thick and with great and lazy Labour to the Ocean.

And she said, It seemeth a pity, for they flow out as Pure Rippling Springs, and they end their course as Muddy and Unattractive Sewers.

And I said, Keturah, it is often so with Human Life. We spend much of our time admonishing Youth, and reproving it for its Thoughtlessness. But most of the Novels that I read in the days when Novels themselves had not become Silted and Filthy were of the beauty of Unreckoning Youth and the sordidness of Coldly Calculating Age.

And she said, It is a sad thing for Age, not that it groweth old, but that it loseth the Vision and Idealism of Youth.

And I said, It is not the obstacles that lie in the channel of a man's life that impede him from reaching the Ocean of his hopes, but the Silt of his own growingly Materialistic Mind. This is what doth make a Delta wherein are lost much of the freshness and purity of motive, and a large part of the spontaneity and ardour, that are so beautiful in Youth.

And Keturah said, My Lord, we must never grow Old. And if so be that our hairs grow white, still must our hearts keep young. Nor will we seek to cumber our lives as they flow toward the Sea with too many cares of things that clog the tides of the spirit.

And I said, Oh, Keturah, it mattereth not that streams should carry burdens. All of these mighty streams, the Ganges and the Irrawaddy and the Yangtze Kiang and the rip-roaring old Mississippi, bear great Ships and are not impeded, but they clog themselves below the water-level, in the depths which men see not, but the hidden silt impedeth the flow, and sendeth each of the great rivers out at their latter end in a Dozen Muddy Creeks that crawl and grope, instead of going forth Majestickally and finishing their courses with triumphant shouts. Even so do men whose lives sprang forth from hillside springs, pure in purpose and joyous in spirit, load down their Ideals with Silt and Sewage, and suffer Slow Debasement till they go wearily and obstructed to Oblivion.

And Keturah said, It is not Earthly Gain that can corrupt us, for we possess it not.

And I said, It is not earthly gain that doth corrupt any one, but the love of it, and it corrupteth not only those who get it but those who strive and fail. But we will seek to keep a clear and free channel for our lives, that our Ideals sustain us to the end.

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Any book reviewed in the *Leader* may be obtained by ordering from the Universalist Publishing House.

Starting Points in Philosophy

A Course in Philosophy. By George P. Conger. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

An Introduction to Philosophy. By Edgar S. Brightman. Henry Holt and Company.

The World and Its Meaning. By G. T. W. Patrick. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

In a recent editorial the *Nation* exploded the old idea that summer was the time for light reading. "More and more persons," says the editor, "are discovering that the simplest and most natural thing to read during a summer's vacation is a long and excellent book. There is time for it at last—no rushing to office, no dinner parties, no piles of correspondence. And certainly there is an inclination for it." Beyond doubt the *Nation* is right, and believing in this theory we have mapped out for our two months' vacation a program of reading in philosophy. This week we shall speak of three introductions to philosophy which have been published within the last year. Next week we shall devote the entire page to a review of John Dewey's new and very important book. The following week we have for review Hoernle's "Idealism" and Everett's "Moral Values." The fourth week we shall discuss a group of books on science and religion. In all these reviews we shall be concerned to give summaries of the contents of the books together with brief reflections on the points of view of the authors. The reviews for the four weeks will be something of a unit, for we shall frequently refer ahead to books to be considered later and we shall refer back to books already reviewed. In our reviews this week we shall consider each book separately and at the end we shall present a comparison of the three.

Conger's book is a good one with which to begin, for it is the most comprehensive of the three, touching all the problems with which the other two deal and discussing some other problems as well. It begins in elementary fashion by describing the distinctive marks of philosophical studies. Professor Conger shows how philosophical problems arise in imaginative literature, in economic and political discussions, in discussions of personal conduct, in experiences of beauty, in scientific studies, and in discussions of religion. In his summary he says, "Philosophy attempts to organize man's experiences of these diverse matters into a coherent and consistent world-view, which allows for both personal and impersonal factors."

After this simple, interesting, and effective introduction Conger turns to a more complicated task, the history of philosophical thought. This subject also he treats simply and clearly, but inasmuch as the section contains only one hundred pages it amounts to scarcely more than a catalog of names, though there are some good summaries. After he has reviewed the Greek philosophers and the thinkers of the church, he comes to the modern period, which Kant conveniently divides. He pays due attention to Kant's predecessors and to Kant himself, and then turns to the century since Kant, discussing the idealists, the mechanists, and the pragmatists. Throughout the section his aim is to show the contribution of each philosopher to the discussion of problems which the remainder of the book treats in detail.

Parts one and two are largely introductory to the third part, which occupies more than half of the book and which discusses at length the principal problems of philosophy. Though Conger still aims to be simple and intelligible, he does not hesitate at this point to plunge into the most involved considerations. He begins by proposing a tentative definition: "Philosophy is reflective experience and discussion of a world which constitutes a system and which tends to organize our experiences in accordance with standards and to exhibit them in their larger significance." This definition is not merely interesting in itself; it indicates the plan for the remainder of the book. The first consideration is "reflective experience and discussion of a world," the problem of epistemology, the science of how we know. Cosmology, the discussion of the world as a system, comes next. Thirdly, there is the examination of our standards, the formative disciplines of ethics, logics, and esthetics, and finally there is a treatment of the philosophy of religion wherein our experiences are exhibited "in their larger significance." We shall follow Mr. Conger as he progresses with this plan.

For philosophy a fundamental problem is how we know, and it is with that problem that Mr. Conger begins, first answering the skeptics, agnostics, and others who say that all philosophical discussion is defective and limited. He then discusses the various theories of the relations of mind and world in the process of knowing, beginning with the position of epistemological idealism, which "holds that mind constitutes the world." He describes the several varieties of idealism, and then outlines the varieties of epistemological realism, "the theory that there is a world independent of our experience," mentioning not only the naive realism of the man on the street and the earlier realism, but also neo-realism and critical realism, two views held by many contemporary philosophers. He also discusses pragmatism, and concludes by stating his general agreement with the realists. An analysis of the problem of the relations of mind and body follows, discussing interactionism, also called animism, the view held by McDougall and some other psychologists, parallelism, a view severely criticized of late, and epiphenomenalism, which maintains that mind and body are of similar nature, and which has gained new prominence with behaviorism and also in the so-called emergent theory of mind. In concluding this section he states the views of rationalism, empiricism, intuitionism, and pragmatism, the principal theories of how we obtain knowledge.

Turning to the problem of the nature of the world, Conger makes his transition by showing the relations of epistemology to metaphysics. In particular he shows how the idealists have made epistomology central in their metaphysics, and how the realists have sought to diminish the importance of epistemology. This gives realism a certain independence, and, as Conger says, "while it is true that realism has numerous affiliations with materialism and kindred theories, there is nothing in realism as such to compel this." This metaphysical independence of realism commends it to Conger, who proceeds to a discussion of metaphysical problems. He first discusses various categories of thinking, such as change and permanence, and part and whole, and under the same general heading considers the relation of the self to the not-self. This leads him to a discussion of science and philosophy, a subject discussed at even greater length in Patrick's book and made the chief theme of several books which we shall consider later in the month. He gives the general outlines of the theory of evolution, with special emphasis on the controversy between mechanistic and vitalistic biology and the controversy between behavioristic and animistic psychology, discussing both controversies lucidly and fairly.

The next section of part three is a rather full discussion of problems of ethics, politics, logic, eugenics, and esthetics. These chapters display one of Conger's strongest qualities, his ability to knit together his discussion. He constantly shows the relation of theories of the nature of the universe to theories of individual and social conduct, and the various sciences grouped under the general head of standards are discussed in their manifold relationships. One particular phase of the discussion, that bearing on the freedom of the will, is by no means satisfactory, but is redeemed by the author's recognition that the problem is far from solved. Though we must pass hastily over this section, it must be said that Conger's treatment is inclusive and impartial, a fact which makes his discussion better than the treatment given by Brightman and Patrick.

The concluding section of the book ties together much of what has been said earlier in a discussion of the philosophy of religion, beginning with a chapter on the history of religion, proceeding to an examination of the contributions of psychology to the study of religion, and concluding with a brief survey of the arguments for the existence of God. The author concludes, "I think that . . . the philosophy of religion needs to be emancipated from those systems of metaphysics which either rest upon authoritarianism or pivot upon epistemology, and that it needs to explore the possibilities of taking the universe as its object." Elsewhere he declares, "The idea of God is a symbol, but a good symbol, and theism, although much of its language is figurative, is more nearly right than wrong." From this we judge that Mr. Conger is a naturalist, even a mechanist, but a mechanist who finds much that is divine in the universe itself. His views are elaborated in the second of two appendices, at the end of which he speaks of the "inference that the portion of the cosmos with which we are dealing is *something like* a person." The two appendices, by the way, the first dealing with "the implicit duality of thinking and its consequences for philosophy," and the second with "a hypothesis of epitomization," contain interesting proposals which have considerable appeal.

Mr. Conger's whole purpose has been to give a survey of views of philosophy, including those held in the past, but with emphasis on present problems. The great merit of his book is its inclusiveness. Conger succeeds in stating the views of a number of schools accurately and without obtruding personal views, which he confines to brief paragraphs at the end of each chapter. His original contributions to philosophy, as we have seen, he places in appendices. Mr. Brightman's method is the antithesis of Mr. Conger's. Brightman has also written an introduction to philosophy, but it is an introduction which is given a very definite slant. Brightman is Borden Parker Bowne Professor of Philosophy at Boston University, and he shares the views of his master, for whom the chair he holds was named. Personalism, as Mr. Brightman assured the *Christian Century's* reviewer, is not a philosophy peculiar to Professor Bowne, but it is the one which he advocated and to which he materially contributed. Personalism is an interesting form of modern idealism, and we may be helped to understand it by Prof. G. T. W. Patrick's description: "This philosophy takes its stand firmly upon the incontestable fact of personality. The one thing which I can not doubt is the existence of myself as a person and a member of a society of persons. This philosophy emphasizes personality, freedom, self-determination, moral responsibility, the existence of real evil in the world, and of a personal God who struggles and strives with us for the overcoming of evil." It is from this point of view, then, that Brightman writes his book.

Like Conger, Brightman begins with an attempt to describe the philosophical spirit, stating the problem of philosophy, the limitations of philosophy, and the distinctions between the philosophical spirit and the scientific. Next come the theories of truth, of which he discusses ten, six of them popular and the other four philosophical. He rejects the theory of correspondence, the proposition that "an idea or judgment is true when it corresponds with the reality to which it refers," by asking, "How can I compare my idea with the reality?" He also rejects the pragmatic test, "the theory that the test of the truth of all thinking is to be found in its practical consequences," making a rather lengthy criticism of the failure of the pragmatist sufficiently to consider ends. He himself subscribes to the theory of coherence or systematic consistency as a criterion, defending it against the various objections which are customarily raised.

Without attempting to criticize the criterion of coherence, though it is open to many criticisms which Brightman only partially answers, we will pass on to the next section, where once more we are confronted with the problem of epistemology. "How do our ideas refer to reality?" After disposing of the skeptic Brightman examines the position of the epistemological monist who says, "Knowledge is possible because it is essentially immediate; the idea (experience) and the object (that is experienced) are one and the same fact." This view, which was held by Berkeley and Kant, Brightman rejects, thus revealing one important distinction between Kantian idealism and the idealism of the personalist. He accepts, almost tentatively, the view that idea and object are distinct, recognizing, as does Conger, that epistemological dualism leaves the metaphysical questions open, and promising to come back to the question of knowledge when he has dealt with the nature of the universe.

The next question to answer is that which concerns the nature of physical things, a problem which forces us to consider the views of science. Brightman's attitude is summed in a sentence: "Speaking broadly and using the language of values, we may say that analysis is explanation of the higher in terms of the lower, and is the method of what is called materialism; and synopsis is the explanation of the lower in terms of the higher, and is the method of idealism." In other words, Brightman accepts the method of science, but doubts that it is able to deal with the whole of reality. It can not, for example, deal with universals and with values, the subject of the next chapter. In this difficulty he again accepts the solution of personalism, which neither shares the view that universals are independent of particulars nor yet the view that there are only particulars, but "finds room both for particular facts and for universals." In discussing values he first speaks of scales of values, following Everett, whose book we are later to review, and then asks whether or not values are permanent. The conclusion of both chapters is summed up: "Things, we have been led to suggest, are activities of a supreme mind; universals are the thought-stuff of a supreme mind; values, the normative appreciations of a supreme mind that ought to be known and appreciated by human minds."

The question remains, however: what is mind and what is consciousness? To this question Brightman devotes himself. He vigorously refutes the theory of behaviorism, "the view which asserts that consciousness is behavior," and he defends self-psychology. In examining the relation of mind and body he adopts the view of interactionism, holding that the so-called law of the conservation of energy does not here apply. Having discovered the nature of personality, he returns to the study of world views, first contrasting monism, "the belief that the world is one individual being," with pluralism. He accepts neither view, but once more puts forth the solution of personalism, which is, he tells us, "compatible with the existence of separate finite persons, whose being is not part of the Supreme Person, but whose separate and relatively independent existence depends on the purpose of the Supreme Person." This solution, it seems to us, is acceptable only if one can make clear the relationship between the individual and the Supreme Person, that relationship which involves both dependence and independence. That Brightman fails to do, and therein lies the chief weakness of the book. But he goes on just as if he had made the point clear, and he clings to personalism when he comes to discuss mechanism. He criticizes the views of the mechanists with telling effect, and puts forth the strongest arguments for the existence of purpose in the universe. "The recognition of purpose," he concludes, "as a fundamental principle of explanation provides for the facts of mechanism and for other facts that mechanism omits."

Like Conger, Brightman concludes with a discussion of religion, but he approaches it neither from the side of history nor the side of psychology. He discusses certain items of religious belief, such as the personality of God and immortality, in the light of the philosophical system which he has explained and which he has shown to be very friendly to such beliefs. Indeed the book clearly shows why personalism has been made the basis of many modern systems of theology.

Finally we come to Professor Patrick's book, which we shall discuss in less detail

than we have the other two, not because it is less important or less interesting, but because it deals with the same problems which we have had occasion to discuss before. Certainly it is not less interesting than the others, but rather more interesting, for it is written with a vivacity and a spirit which they lack, and which makes it almost worthy to be compared with the works of William James in readability, though not in originality and profundity. It is not impartial in the sense that Conger's book is, for the author doubts "whether people like to read a wholly impersonal book," but on the other hand it does not argue for a given system with the obviousness of Brightman's volume. Patrick seeks to reconcile many views which are seemingly opposed, and the general tone is eclectic and syncretistic.

Like Conger, Patrick at first addresses himself to the beginner, and he first asks what philosophy is, examining it in its relations to science and to religion. After discussing the method of philosophy and briefly summarizing the plan of the book, he launches into the central problems with which he plans to deal, beginning with the nature of the cosmos or world, turning to the nature and origin of life, and then examining the theory of evolution. In these chapters we find a straightforward and interesting description of the findings of science, but Patrick seeks to interpret the results of science, as indeed a philosopher must do, and his interpretation makes room for a life-force, an *elan vital*, in nature. To him "evolution seems to be a process of *achievement*, in which, step by step, the higher values are won." He follows Bergson to a degree, and draws support from C. Lloyd Morgan, Vernon Kellogg, and J. Arthur Thomson, two of whose books we are later to review. He conceives evolution as working towards certain ends, ends which may correspond to our higher values, and he speaks of God as "the soul of the world, an immanent spiritual power, a creative and perfecting agency, the source of our ideal values."

With this point of view for a background, he turns to those problems with which Conger and Brightman deal, theories of reality, the search for the soul, mind and body, freedom, and the higher values. First treating materialism, he insists on our ignorance of matter, and argues that the materialist's universe is too inflexible. Idealism he really criticises quite as harshly, although he tries to find much of value. Toward pluralism as a temporary resting place he is more favorable, and in the end he tries to reconcile all three views. Again he speaks of mind as emerging in the process of evolution and talks of a pluralistic universe which needs "a soul as a vitalizing agency." The theory of the mind as emerging, a theory which attempts to distinguish mind and body and at the same time to give the mind a place in the process of evolution, is, as would be supposed, his solution of the old mind and body controversy. The old question of the freedom of the will comes in here for treatment, and a most unsatisfactory treatment it is, not because it is inferior to the usual treatments, but because it is far better and yet falls short of saying anything really important. He cuts through a great deal of obscure terminology, but in the end he fails to cleave to the core of the problem.

Like Conger, Patrick is, so far as epistemology is concerned, a realist, and therefore he is inclined to consider the problem of minor importance, a fact which leads him to relegate consideration of it almost to the end of the book. He speaks of both neo realism and critical realism, and offers some effective criticisms of the latter. He also discusses pragmatism, and under that head he discusses correspondence and coherence, the two criteria of truth which Brightman emphasized. He says, "The consistency theory and the correspondence theory supplement rather than contradict each other." Of pragmatism itself he says, as does Brightman, that it emphasizes means to the exclusion of ends. Next week we shall give one pragmatist, and the greatest living one, John Dewey, a chance to speak for himself. Finally Patrick considers moral values, and like Conger and Brightman he quotes Everett's "Moral Values," making us all the more eager to review that book. In conclusion he sums up his discussion in terms which we have seen to be characteristic of the book as a whole: he "would regard these moral and esthetic values as the product of a creative evolution which is in the nature of a process of *realization*."

We have finished our books and it remains to speak of them collectively. Conger's is the most inclusive and the most impartial, which would lead us to recommend it highly, for we think the beginner needs to have many views presented in order that he may compare them. Conger gives a thorough understanding of the problems of philosophy, and clearly shows us the positions of the various schools. His brief historical survey is excellent, and admirably supplements the rest of the book. Though he discusses the various problems separately he shows how they are related, and the reader understands the implications of each problem. Brightman represents a definite point of view. Moreover, he selects problems which bring out the salient points of that view in clear relief. Though he gives opposing arguments and usually does them justice, the inclination of his own mind is always clearly visible. There is a kind of eagerness to get the young mind started in the way it should go which vitiates the book as an introduction. On the other hand, the clear, forceful presentation of arguments for personalism will be appreciated by the more advanced student, especially if he does not agree with them. Brightman's point of view will appeal strongly to most religious liberals, and his personal theism should prove congenial to Universalists. Patrick's book is better written than the other two, holding the interest by the liveliness of its style as well as by virtue of the fact that it treats problems much discussed at the present time. His dependence on the results of science is valuable, though it will be noticed that he lays undue stress on the vitalistic biologists, Kellogg, Thomson, and the rest, who have become the mainstays of most liberal theologians. In his attempt to reconcile opposing points of view he sometimes blurs issues, and like Brightman he selects such problems as bring out his own conclusions. Such, in brief, are our reflections on the first section of our summer reading.

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The Idea of the Soul

By John Laird. George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

John Laird, logician, brings to his subject a clear mind and noteworthy powers of analysis. The title suggests a distinction which Dr. Laird makes. Instead of giving us his own views about the soul, he tells what other people have thought about it. Inasmuch as he examines and criticizes the various ideas which have been held, the book can not be said to be entirely historical, but the author's approach is in general from the point of view of history. His only personal contribution is by way of analysis, and his criticisms are of the logical structure of the idea under examination.

The philosophers for many centuries considered the soul as a subject for their study and for theirs only. Dr. Laird discusses a few of the more important philosophers, beginning with the classical school, hurriedly mentioning the medieval writers, and referring to modern schools of thought. Since to-day the philosophers by no means have the field to themselves, he devotes a chapter to the ideas of the biologists and three chapters to the views of the psychologists. In conclusion he gives a chapter to the subject of personal immortality, a chapter which is highly valuable because of its precise definitions.

Laird's talents fit him for such a book as this. Whenever he analyzes a school of thought he does it skilfully, thoroughly, and honestly. We have known few philosophers who could be so scrupulously fair to the scientists, who were so willing to grant them every possible point though justly insisting on the limitations of the scientific method. Never does he make the slightest gesture to protect his own philosophical view at the expense of unfettered inquiry. Within the comparatively narrow scope of his subject he seeks to present views fairly and to criticize them justly. More could not be asked of him.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

REPORT ON GRADUATES, MARCH, 1925

Katsue Hashimoto, our only boarding girl last year, graduated in the English Department of the Women's University. In the winter she became engaged to Mr. Yosnida, a member of our church, a professor in the Imperial University. She is not to be married soon, so has gone to teach English in the Girls' High School of a town about four hours' ride from Tokyo. On her first holiday she came back to Tokyo, and came to the Home, bringing a gift of cakes proudly purchased with her first salary.

Sada Shirai, who has received her board only from the New York State fund, graduated from the Domestic Science Department of the university. She is a wholesome, hearty girl, eminently sensible and dependable, and takes up the work of teaching American cooking and home economics in our newly equipped kitchen-class room in Dojin House. She teaches a class of little girls about twelve years old at the Sunday school at the church. She is a treasure.

Nobu Ozaki, supported by St. Paul's on the Midway, Chicago, graduated from the English department. Her mother died about two years ago, and the grandmother, who had been caring for the younger children, died before Nobuko reached her home on the very day before her graduating exercises. Nobuko has thus become the head of her family, and will live at home, mothering her brothers and sisters, and assisting Mr. and Mrs. Stetson in secretarial work and interpreting and assisting in classes in Shizuoka.

Five girls graduated from kindergarten training schools. Mitsu Iwasa, graduating in the October class, was sent to Shizuoka to teach in their kindergarten, and is making a record we are all proud of. She also teaches in the Shizuoka Sunday school. She was the Rhode Island girl.

Sachiko Hata, the Oak Park, Illinois, girl, in spite of a severe illness just before her graduation, made a good record and is now developing into a fine teacher and a lovable young woman, teaching in the Midori Kindergarten, and Sunday school at the church. She is intensely interested in church work.

Miya Oyabu, Massachusetts, and Kimiyo Yamamoto, Maine girl, are now teaching in Midori. They have neither of them such outstanding traits as some of the others, but are working faithfully to the best of their abilities. Setsu Shinozaki, Vermont girl, is teaching in the kindergarten at the church and in their Sunday school. These three girls have been with us about a year.

Then we had three graduates from high school. Kazuko Oshima (Connecticut) and Kiyoko Yamahashi (California) are both bright, wholesome girls and have entered the English department of the university, where I expect them to do well. Though young they are both helpful in teaching in Dojin House Sunday school. In the afternoon, after teaching their classes and attending church, they are still eager to go to Mrs. Cary's afternoon Bible class, and after such a full day often attend Sunday evening services in Dojin House. The third, Shige Isawe (Minnesota), is a girl we are glad to have helped. She needed the help we gave her, but, not being adapted to higher education, we are not sending her farther, but she is beginning the working out of her "duty," by assisting the teachers at the church kindergarten. She attends Mr. Kawabata's Bible class. When she leaves us she will have had an uplifting and helpful influence in her life, and will be better able to earn her living than without our assistance. If, in this term's work assisting in the kindergarten, she shows ability, we will send her to training school later.

Alice G. Rowe.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Instructors Delighted. Our institute faculties have been highly pleased to have their students accept so readily and happily our new plans for giving credit which is to count toward diplomas. Certificates for the work accomplished will be issued at the close of the season.

Rev. Harry Westbrook Reed, D. D. Pastor of the Universalist Church in Watertown, N. Y.; Successful Leader in Denominational and Interdenominational Sunday School Work; Preacher of the Occasional Sermon at the Syracuse Convention.

* *

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Here are a few statistics taken from the semi-annual reports of the Home Departments filed with the National Superintendent, June 30, 1925: Five states report 1,500 members, 54 members-at-large, 664 visits to the sick and the shut-ins; 34 uniting with the church, 26 becoming members of the church school, $134 in offerings. *Is it worth while?* Let every school try the experiment. We venture the opinion that nothing you can do will yield a larger dividend on the investment made.

Yours for 100 per cent co-operation,
Sara L. Stoner, National Superintendent.

* *

REQUESTS TO INCREASE

We are constantly asked to increase the number of copies of "Sunday School Progress" sent to various schools. What does it mean? It must signify that the bulletin is being read and that a good many people find it helpful. No one would waste postage stamps in applying for something believed to be useless. We intend to make "Progress" better than ever during the coming year and to continue to supply it free of charge for all officers and teachers.

* *

MISS KENT TEACHING ENGLISH

Here is a paragraph out of a letter from our Sunday school missionary:

"I am keeping in touch with my kindergarten graduates by means of English classes. I started last year, and now have two classes, one for last year's graduates and one for the graduates of this past March. There are fifteen kiddies in each class. Many of the children come to Sunday school. They eat up each new word as I teach it to them and they are very quick and alert. They like the work *almost* as well as I do."

Mr. Stetson says that Miss Kent is distancing all the missionaries in her mastery of the Japanese language. A case of "catching them young enough."

Miss Kent has sent us a list of Perry pictures which she would like for her Sunday school work. A dollar would pay for them. If any school will contribute the dollar we will buy the pictures and send them.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins of Salem, Mass., has received a letter from her Japanese daughter Tei (Yasumura) Onishi enclosing a check for $25 for a life membership in the W. N. M. A., "showing a fine appreciation," says Mrs. Wilkins, "of the advantages given her in America a few years since when she studied at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, graduating in 1920." A son, Eigi, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Onishi in Tokyo on May 9.

The Misses I., E., and V. Pendle, of All Souls Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., were recent visitors at Headquarters.

During the severe thunder storm of July 9 lightning struck the house of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Chamberlain, at Medford, Mass., doing considerable material damage, but fortunately not injuring any of the residents.

Miss Eleanor Bissell and Miss Flora Harper of Pasadena, California, are sailing for Europe Aug. 1, on the President Roosevelt, from New York.

Miss Jennie Lois Ellis, State Superintendent of Pennsylvania, preached July 19 at Cumberland Chapel, in Cumberland Four Corners, R. I., where she was born. The chapel was crowded. Miss Ellis will be ordained in September at Brooklyn, Penn., the first point at which she did work under the Pennsylvania State Convention. Miss Ellis was at Headquarters July 22 *en route* to Northfield. From there she will go to Ferry Beach and Murray Grove for institute work.

Dr. V. E. Tomlinson preached his annual sermon at Cumberland Four Corner, R. I., July 26.

Mrs. Caroline Clark Barney, who has given courses in the Northfield Summer School of Religious Education the last week in July for several years, is teaching this year at Amherst Agricultural College, during Farm and Home Week. Her subjects are Poetry and Stories for Children. She has talked over the radio several times recently on Children's Books. She was asked to write on the subject, "Are Our Children Reading the Right Books To-day?" for the *Boston Traveler* for Saturday, July 25.

OUR HEADQUARTERS STAFF

Miss Alice G. Enbom, of the Women's National Missionary Association, and Rev. A. Gertrude Earle and Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., of the General Sunday School Association, attended the Northfield Conference of Religious Education from July 23 to Aug. 1.

Miss Mary F. Slaughter, having attended the institute at Camp Hill, the Y. P. C. U. Convention at Detroit and the institutes at Galesburg, spent three days in Boston before leaving for the Y. P. C. U. and G. S. S. A. institutes at Ferry Beach.

Dr. Harold Marshall was in New York July 20, 21.

Vermont

Brattleboro.—Rev. E. P. Wood, pastor. Children's Day was observed June 14, the primary school presenting a program entitled "Our Lamp of Life." Five children were christened, and two more were christened on June 28. The pastor preached the sermon at commencement of the Hinsdale high school, and also a sermon to Masons and members of the Eastern Star at Hinsdale, N. H., on St. John's Day. The Boy Scouts have been recently reorganized, with two patrols of eight members each. Miss Helen Alice Wood, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Wood, was married on July 7. to Mr. Stuart Marshall Dimock of Red Bank, N. J., the father of the bride performing the ceremony. The Sunday school has had a year of unusual progress, under the superintendency of Dr. Elizabeth Bailey. The church attendance has been well sustained, the outstanding feature being the large percentage of men present at the morning services. The church will be closed during the vacation period, Aug. 2 to Sept. 13.

Indiana

Cunot.—Rev. Pearl Mock, pastor. This church has held services one Sunday each month morning and evening the past year. We have a Sunday school with attendance of thirty-five to forty. Mrs. Colwell, state organizer for the Y. P. C. U., organized a Union of sixteen members in June, and five more have joined since. We have accepted our quota in the Five Year Program.

Massachusetts

Springfield, Second.—Rev. Elmer D. Colcord, minister. The Second Church closed for the summer after an exceptionally active and busy year. The Sunday school under the leadership of a Tufts graduate, Mrs. Lena C. Bell, has become a power among the young people and children of the Hill section of our city. Several Springfield Y. M. C. A. college men have taught regular classes during the year and supervised the social activities. The primary department under the direction of Mrs. A. E. Wright has an enrollment of about sixty. Miss Harriet Stevens, one of the primary school teachers, recently graduated with honors from the Twitchell Kindergarten School and will devote her life to work with children. Springfield College Glee Club gave a fine concert in our church this season. A notable feature was the wonderful solo work of Mr. F. S. Tu, a Chinese baritone. The Bay Path Circle has held several successful suppers and the Y. P. C. U. has produced three entertaining plays. The Men's Club has had a fine year and at present boasts a skilled and ambitious horseshoe pitching team which is entered in the city contests. Of course we accepted the Five Year Program after the oratory of Judge Hill and Mr. Arthur Pinkham on their visit here. Our pastor has served during the year as secretary of the Springfield Ministers' Association. Mr. Colcord left Springfield about the middle of July for Ferry Beach, where he is again to serve as secretary of the Ferry Beach Park Association. Many from our church expect to visit Dr. Shinn's "earthly paradise" this summer. When our church is reopened in September monthly Community Fellowship suppers will be resumed. These were inaugurated with great success in May under the direction of Mr. E. A. Merriam and the pastor. Friends and persons living in the community who might be interested in certain aspects of Social Christianity are invited to the suppers as guests of the parish and are introduced in the course of the evening to various phases of the work and aims of a modern church.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1925

Previously reported	1,786
Standing Stone, Pa.	4
Kinston, N. C.	1
Total	1,791

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 694. Gloucester, Mass., 15. Total, 709.

* *

RATES AT THE MURRAY GROVE HOUSE

Murray Grove is not a place for money-making and charges are always very low. Moreover, the far-sighted management has granted a special discount for guests who register for any of the institutes. To find out about prices and to make reservations, write to Miss Mary Gabell, Murray Grove, Forked River, N. J.

* *

TWO LETTERS

Universalist Publishing House:

Enclosed find check for $4.50, two dollars for renewal of subscription to the *Universalist Leader*, fifty cents for renewal of subscription to the *Ambassador*, and two dollars for the Endowment Fund of the *Leader*.

Sincerely yours,

———— ————.

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I am enclosing check for $3.00, cover-

ing my subscription for one year to the *Leader* as per enclosed bill, and the balance of $1.00 to be used wherever you may see fit for so trifling an amount to be used.*

Yours very truly,

____ _____.

*Used for *Leader* Endowment Fund.

Notices

SUMMER SERVICES AT OXFORD, MASS.

The oldest Universalist meeting-house in the world, the church where Ballou was ordained, where Murray and Winchester preached, where Clara Barton attended, is now open each Sunday. The resident minister for the summer is Rev. Dwight A. Ball of Somerville, Mass. Universalists from everywhere are most cordially invited.

* *

PENNSYLVANIA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Fellowship Committee held in Scranton, June 24, the ordination of Miss Jennie Lois Ellis to the ministry of the Universalist Church was approved, and letters of license for one year were issued to Mrs. Marjorie Carlisle Wolfe of Brooklyn, Pa., and Mr. Grant Roblyer of Gillett, Pa.

Herbert H. Graves, Secretary.

* *

VISITATION DAYS IN MAINE

August 9

Waterford, 10.30 a. m. Speaker, Rev. A. C. Townsend. Services held in Congregational building.

Canton Point, 2 p. m. Speaker to be announced. From Canton, cross Androscoggin River bridge just north of village, and turn left at the fork a short distance beyond. Picnic lunch at one o'clock.

South Hope, 2 p. m. Speaker, Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker. Church near center of village, on Augusta-Rockland road via Union, about five miles east of the latter village. Picnic lunch at one o'clock.

August 16

Exeter, 11 a. m. Speaker, Rev. William A. Garner. Services in Exeter Mills Hall.

Rumford Point, 2 p. m. Speaker, Rev. Stanley Manning. Picnic lunch at one o'clock.

August 23

Mattawamkeag, 10.30 a. m. Speaker, Rev. Wenonah Stevens Abbott. Services in the Methodist building, near center of the village.

Leeds, 11 a. m. Speaker to be announced. Church at top of hill on road running west from Leeds Center.

Bryant Pond, 11 a. m. All day grove meeting under auspices of Oxford County Y. P. C. U. Speakers to be announced. Grove, where services will be held if weather permits, on shore of the pond near center of village.

August 30

West Sumner, 10.30 a. m. Speaker, Rev. Chester Gore Miller. Take road leading east from Trap Corner on Portland-Bethel State Road, to West Sumner village.

Greenville, 2 p. m. Speaker, Dr. Ashley A. Smith. Chapel on road between Greenville and Greenville Junction, near center of former village. Picnic lunch at one o'clock.

* *

FERRY BEACH LADIES' AID

The Ladies' Aid connected with the Ferry Beach Park Association will hold a sale of fancy articles and aprons Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 11.

All articles may be sent after July 30, to

Ladies' Aid Society,
Hotel Quillen, Ferry Beach Park,
Saco, Maine, R. F. D.

* *

MURRAY GROVE ASSOCIATION

39th Annual Session, July 18-Sept. 7

Resident pastor, Rev. Helene Ulrich.

Reservations in charge of Miss Mary Gabell 4729 Hazel avenue, Philadelphia. After July 15, Forked River, P. O., New Jersey.

The preachers at the Sunday morning services are as follows:

August 2, Rev. D. C. Reilly.

August 9, Rev. J. A. Judge.

August 16, Rev. G. E. Huntley, D. D. (Memorial Sunday). Memorial Service at 2.30 p. m.

August 23, Rev. W. J. Metz.

August 30, Rev. J. M. Atwood, D. D.

September 6, Rev. Hal T. Kearns and Rev. G. H. Welch.

Services every Friday evening in the Waretown church.

Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 4 and 5, conference of National Laymen's Committee, mornings at 9; afternoons at 2.

Tuesday evening, Aug. 4, lecture by Alexander Cairns on Victor Hugo's "Bishop of D;" Wednesday, Aug. 13, second lecture by Mr. Cairns on "The College and the Cross."

Thursday, Aug. 13, annual meeting of the Murray Grove Association.

Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14 and 15, annual fair.

The fair is in charge of Mrs. E. M. Waller, 1204 Arrott Street, Philadelphia, until July 15 and thereafter Forked River, N. J.

The week of Aug. 16 will be devoted to general denominational matters in charge of Dr. John Smith Lowe, with speakers at the morning sessions as follows:

Monday, Rev. Stanard D. Butler; Tuesday, Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson; D. D., Wednesday, Rev. George D. Walker, D. D.; Thursday, Rev. I. V. Lobdell; Friday, Rev. R. H. McLaughlin.

The week beginning Aug. 24, Women's Missionary Institute. Faculty: Mrs. Milo G. Folsom and Miss Jennie Lois Ellis.

The week beginning Aug. 31, Sunday School Institute. Faculty: Prof. Bruce W. Brotherston, Rev. John Murray Atwood, D. D., Rev. A. Gertrude Earle, Mrs. Janet H. Blackford.

Sept. 5 to 7 inclusive, Young People's Christian Union Institute. Faculty: Rev. Hal T. Kearns and Miss Ruth Owens.

There will be ample opportunity for rest and general recreation, including tennis, croquet, bathing and sailing.

* *

MURRAY GROVE FAIR

August 13, 14, 1925

Dear Friends and Co-Workers:

I have been called to and accepted the chairmanship of our Fair Committee, strong in the faith that you will give me your loyal and generous support. Our Fair is our principal source of income, therefore its importance can not be over-emphasized. Last year's receipts set a new high mark, but there is always room at the top. All together then, for a climb to the top and a still higher mark. I am prepared to receive a flood of contributions. "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

Mrs. Ida H. Waller,
1204 *Arrott St., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.*

After August 1, care of Murray Grove House, Forked River, N. J.

* *

MURRAY GROVE ASSOCIATION

Birthday Party, Aug. 8

The annual Birthday Party of the Murray Grove Association will be held Aug. 8. If all who read this notice will send in a dime for each year of their lives it will be greatly appreciated, as well any other amount, large or small. Contributions may be sent to

Mrs. George A. Friedrich,
150 *Kenmore Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

* *

FERRY BEACH

The Institutes

The Ferry Beach Park Association announces its season for 1925 to extend from July 31 to Sept. 1. There will be four Institutes as follows:

Y. P. C. U.—Aug. 1-7. Under direction of the National Young People's Christian Union.

Sunday School—Aug. 8-14. Under direction of the General Sunday School Association.

Missionary—Aug. 15-21. Under direction of the Women's National Missionary Association.

Maine Sunday School Girls—Aug. 25 to Sept. 1. Under direction of the Girls' Division of the Interdenominational State of Maine Sunday School Association.

Each Institute officially opens on the afternoon of the first date given above.

For reservations address Rev. Elmer D. Colcord, Secretary of the Ferry Beach Park Association, 43 Berkeley St., Springfield, Mass.

* *

MINISTERS AVAILABLE FOR SERVICES

Knowing that every summer there are numerous calls at Headquarters in Boston for the services of Universalist ministers, the Superintendent of Massachusetts has ascertained that the following ministers will be in or near Boston for all or the greater part of July and August:

Rev. Roger F. Etz.
Rev. Samuel G. Ayres, D. D.
Rev. U. S. Milburn.
Rev. Harry L. Thornton.
Rev. Clarence J. Cowing.
Rev. Francis W. Sprague.
Rev. Charles E. Clark, D. D.
Rev. Howard Charles Gale.
Rev. W. S. Perkins, D. D.
Rev. W. F. Dusseault.
Rev. George W. Colson.
Rev. Stanley G. Spear will be in Boston through July.

The office of the State Superintendent will be open all summer, ready to make arrangements for reaching any of the above ministers, or others. Dr. Coons will be at his office and available anywhere during the month of July.

* *

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

On Aug. 30 the 14th annual pilgrimage service in the old meeting-house in Langdon, N. H., will take place. This service, being held at Old Home time, has been one of the high lights of the community. It was instituted by Rev. N. W. P. Smith of Provincetown, Mass., when she was acting as summer pastor of the Langdon and Alstead Universalist parish. Preaching services are held in the forenoon and afternoon with a free luncheon at noon served by the ladies of the community, in the town hall underneath the audience room of the church.

Every one cordially welcome.

* *

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTES FOR 1925

Ferry Beach, Me., Aug. 8-15.
Murray Grove, N, J., Aug. 30-Sept. 5.
Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 17-20.

General Sunday School Association.
176 *Newbury St., Boston.*

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During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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Crackling

Did you ever start to work a cross-word puzzle,
And run up against a word in ten letters,
Meaning "Sewer,"
And think of "Aqueduct," but it didn't fit,
And neither did "Conduit," or "Subterranean,"
And then,
Some wise bird leans over your shoulder,
And after calling you a dumb egg, tells you that
It's "Seamstress,"
And you put it in rather sheepishly, still
Hoping that the thing does't fit, but
It does?—*Tech Voo Doo.*

* *

The sermon had been about Daniel, and the preacher described vividly the prophet's extraordinary experience. On the way home from church little Betty said to her aunt, "What a fuss they made about it, auntie."

"About what, dear?"

"About Daniel going into the lions' den. I guess it must have been the first circus they ever saw."—*Detroit Free Press.*

* *

The picnickers were obliged to cross a railroad track in reaching the place where they were to have lunch, and little Bobby, going ahead, saw a train approaching.

Eagerly he shouted to his father, who was still on the track, "Hurry, Daddy, or else give me the lunch."—*Progressive Grocer.*

* *

Anxious Old Lady (on river steamer): "I say, my good man, is this boat going up or down?"

Surly Deckhand: "Well, she's a leaky old tub, ma'am, so I shouldn't wonder if she was going down. Then, again, her b'ilers ain't none too good, 'n she might go up."—*Pittsburgh Press.*

* *

Mr. Newly-Wed (at dinner): "Dear, what kind of a pie is that?"

Mrs. N. W.: "Rhubarb, darling."

Mr. N. W.: "Well, why did you make such a large one?"

Mrs. N. W.: "Because I couldn't get any shorter rhubarb."—*Lehigh Burr.*

* *

Mutual Courtesies.—Beautiful large room for refined gentleman; strictly private, elaborately furnished; reasonable to permanent party; references exchanged, also hot baths.—*Advertisement in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

* *

Family Paper: "If not convenient to move household furniture outdoors to clean, place a damp cloth over the piece of furniture and then beat it."

We tried this and the wife made us come back.—*Boston Transcript.*

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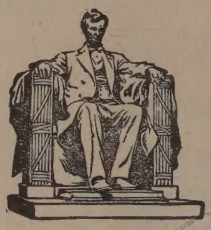

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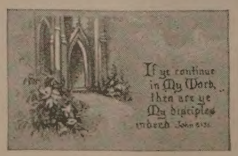

Lithographed in colors. The address side carries this message: "Now that vacation is over, we welcome you back to Church and Sunday School and hope you will come every Sunday," also blank lines for date and personal message. **$1.25 per hundred.**

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